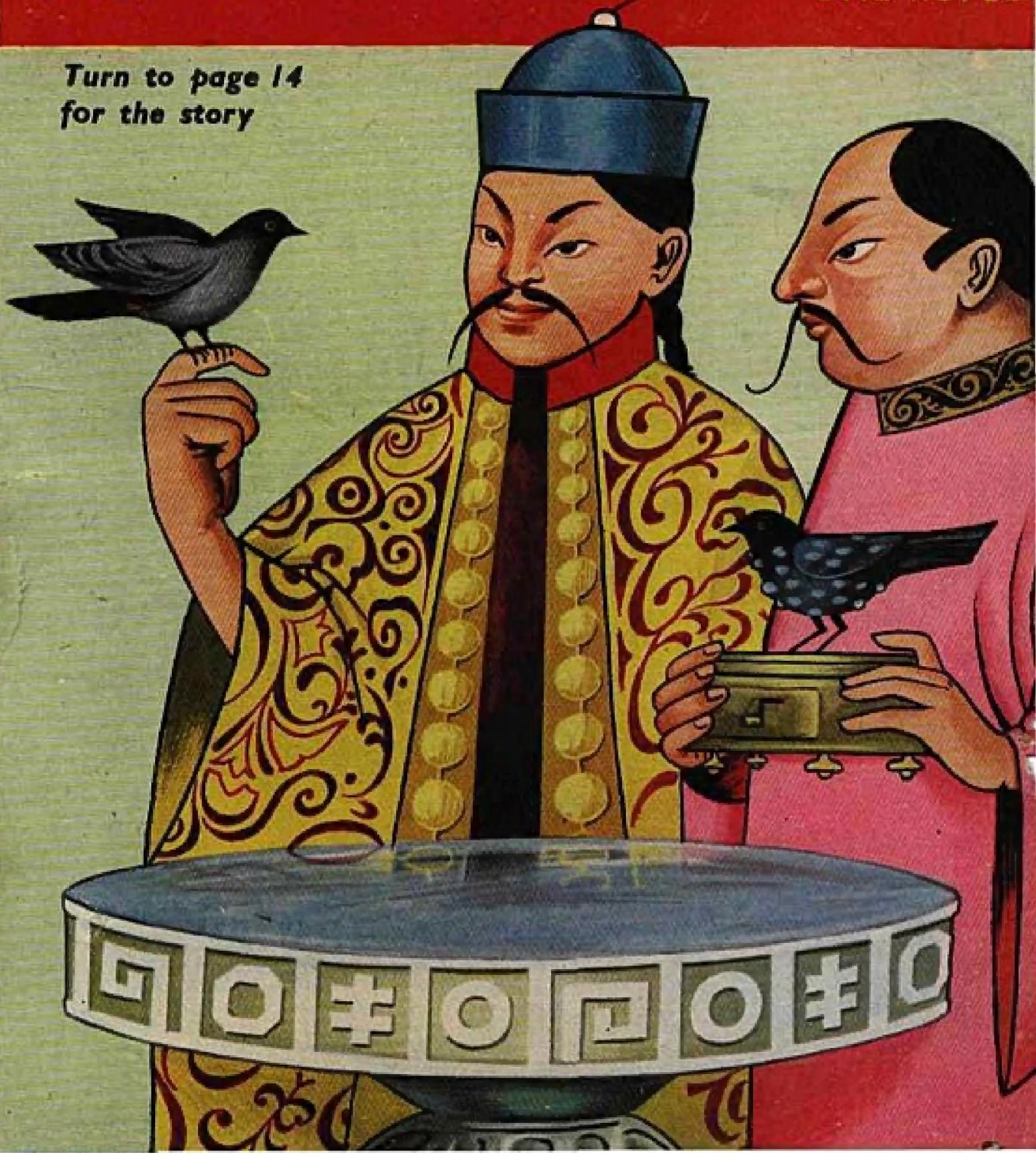


CHANDAMAMA

JULY 1974

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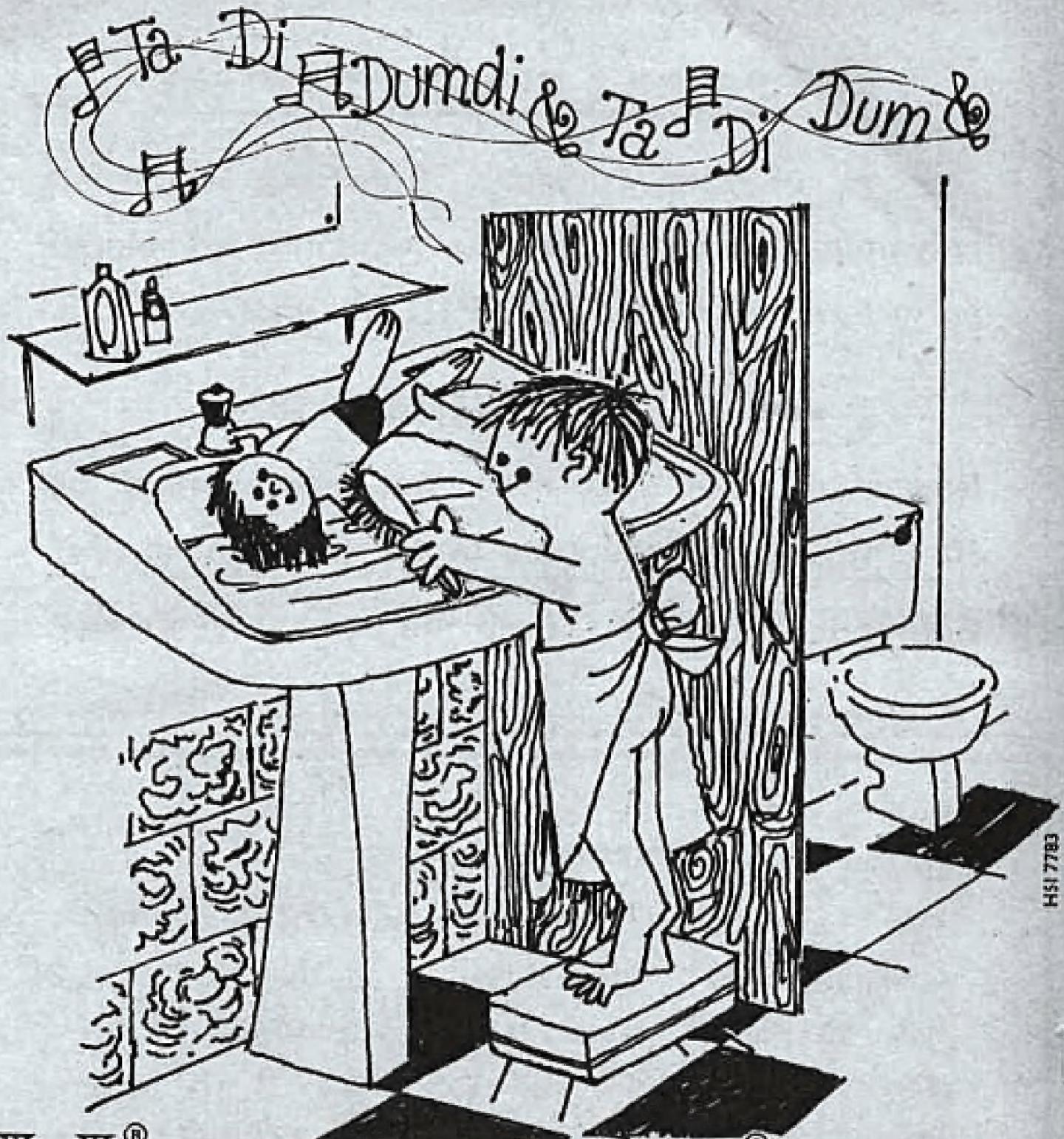
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LORD! LORD!

Long ago there lived a hermit. He was a nomad who wandered from place to place. One day he came to a village in pouring rain, and in need of shelter stood under the portico of a rich merchant's house. The rich man who noticed this shouted angrily, "Go away, and don't defile my house. I don't like beggars." The hermit murmured, "Lord, Lord," and left the place. Then he came to the humble cottage of Hari and knocked on the door. Hari, a poor farmer welcomed the hermit hospitably and gave him shelter from the rain. He gave the hermit torn but clean clothes to wear and offered him a tattered mat to sleep on. Murmuring his chant of 'Lord, Lord', the hermit stayed in

the hut for the night and early in the morning prepared to leave. Just then Hari and his wife brought out their meagre savings which they carried in a tin box and offered some money to the hermit. The hermit declined to take the money and said simply, "Brother, I never take money from anyone." Then reciting his chant of 'Lord, Lord', he went his way.

After the hermit had disappeared, Hari opened the tin box to put the money back and was surprised to find it full of new gold coins shining bright. In fact whatever the hermit had touched had turned into gold.

Hari and his wife were delighted beyond measure. From that day on he and his wife lived

comfortably and did not lack for anything.

When the news of his sudden riches reached the ears of the rich man, his envy knew no bounds. By diligent questioning he learnt of the manner in which the whole transformation had come about. He felt sorry that he had driven the hermit from his presence with harsh words. He resolved to treat the hermit better, if he ever saw him again. Thus time passed. The rich man began to keep a vigil from his housetop for the return of the hermit.

Sure enough when the next monsoon rolled in, the hermit returned to the village one wet night. Instead of seeking shelter in the rich man's house he began walking towards Hari's house. Just then the rich man came running towards him in great haste and said, "Holy Sir, why do you go about wet to the skin? Come and stay with us for the night."

The hermit went inside the house and at once the rich man dug out the most tattered clothes he could find and gave it to the old man to wear. Then he fed him with a pale and stinking gruel. After the hermit had somehow pushed it down

his throat the rich man bade him lie on a mat which was torn and worn out.

Next morning clad in his own robes, the hermit prepared to leave. At once the rich man came up with a jar full of nickel coins and said, "Holy Sir, take some for your expenses on the way." The hermit declined the present with a soft murmur of 'Lord, Lord' and went his way.

After the hermit had disappeared, the rich man ran back to see whether the nickel coins, the rags worn by the hermit, and the tattered mat had





turned into gold, as in the case of Hari. But alas! Everything remained the same. Not only that, everything else in the house seemed to have lost its shine. All that he possessed turned grey and dirty and before his eyes the house began to crumble

slowly. Soon everything was reduced to dust, and the rich man became a beggar.

Greedy for more, he lost even what he possessed. But Hari who was generous and kind reaped the reward of his goodness.

WHAT IS MEANT BY THE 'MISSING LINK'?

When Charles Darwin wrote his famous book, "The Origin of Species," people thought he was saying that we have descended from some kind of ape. In fact, he said that if we could go back far enough, we would find that early man did resemble a big ape but he differed in many ways from an animal. This is the 'Missing Link' sought after by scientists.



HOW HIGH CAN A DOLPHIN LEAP?

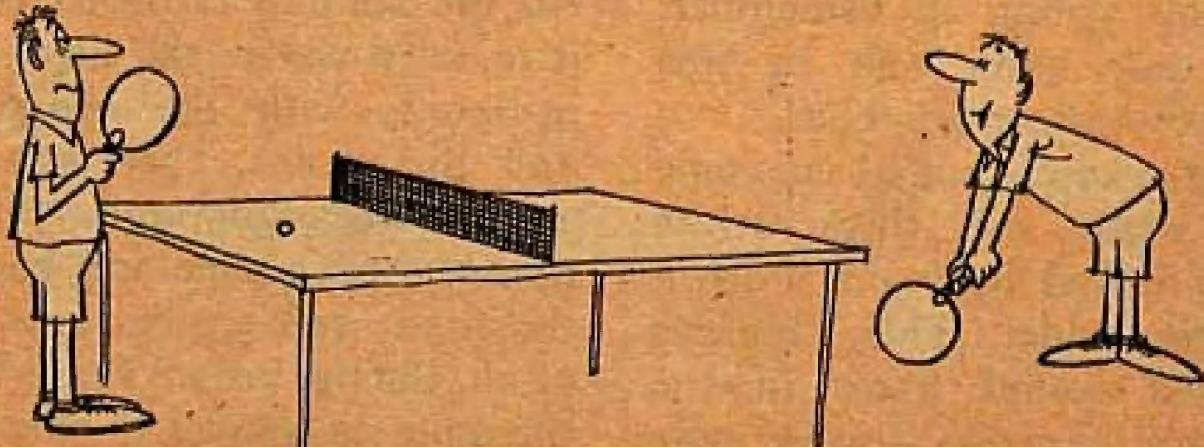
A lot depends on its age and size and how long it has been trained. Obviously, a large well-trained dolphin will leap higher than an untrained dolphin. There is no definite figure, but pictures of dolphins leaping nearly 12ft. out of the water to snatch at a fish have been seen on cinema and television screens.



WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

1. Which part of India has the highest rainfall in a year?
2. Which country is called the Land of the White Elephant?
3. Which Island of the East Indies is one of the greatest producers of sugar in the world?
4. Which town in the world is situated at the highest altitude?
5. What is the name of the Hindu holy place situated at the foot-hills of the Himalayas?
6. Name the eminent scientist who received the Padma Vibhushan in 1972.
7. What is the difference between Elastic and Plastic?
8. Why is the flash of lightning seen before the sound of thunder is heard?
9. Which Indian Scientist was awarded the Nobel prize for Physics?
10. Who invented Dynamite?
11. Of which English tree are the best cricket bats in the world made?
12. Who won the Davis Cup in 1971?
13. What is the duration of an International Football match?
14. Who said the words 'To be or not to be, that is the question'?
15. What day is celebrated as International Labour Day?

Now Turn to Page 29 and Check your score!



"Of course, cricket is really my game."

The Robin's Medal

Long before white people went to North America, the Red Indians lived there. During the day the braves (the strong, young men) went hunting buffalo, or fishing in sparkling streams. The squaws (or wives) cooked and cleaned and looked after the children. In the evenings all the grown-ups sat outside their wigwams with the children. They talked and told stories till it was time the sleepy children were put to bed on their little straw pallets.

One warm evening, just as the sky was becoming purple, Mockawawa sat by the fire. Once he had been a great chief, but that was so long ago that even he could not remember it. Certainly everyone in the village was too young to remember. They only knew that he was their favourite story-teller.

Mockawawa puffed his pipe and, when the thick white smoke drifted away, put it down at his side. The Indians gathered round him. In the tree-tops the crows stopped cawing and listened. The wolves in the forest stopped chasing

other animals. They came quietly and cocked their ears to listen.

"Tell us a story," begged the children. "It is nearly time for us to sleep." Mockawawa turned his head and looked at all the listeners. When he started to speak, the old warrior's voice was very clear and deep for such an old man. He said: "I will tell you how the Robin got its red breast. Listen carefully, my children." There was a deep hush over the whole village and Mockawawa started:

"Long ago, far away to the North, where it is always cold, the very first fire was burning. It was a bright orange and red fire. It crackled like the snapping of a thousand dry twigs. All the animals crowded round it to keep warm, the little mice in front, with the hedgehogs and the moles; then squirrels and rabbits and mountain hares; then the porcupine and badger, the foxes and wolves and, last of all, the big brown bears. All the animals wanted to share the warmth and glow of the fire.

"Sometimes people came to



cook their dinners on the fire. No one was afraid to come to the fire. Sometimes the animals went away for a little while, hunting, or digging roots, or looking for honey. They always came back. One of the animals was always there to feed the fire with wood and keep it burning. Everybody knew how important the fire was. Even the people would collect sticks to put on the flames, when they came to cook. The animals and the people taught their children to look after the fire. The big animals and the little ones, the grown-up creatures and the babies, all of them were happy: 'We like our warm

fire,' they said.

"Even farther to the North, by the home of the North wind, there lived a great, white polar bear. His name was Skim. Skim was a bad, mean, unkind bear. Perhaps it was because he was lonely that he was so nasty. Skim had just heard about the fire and, because he was so mean, he did not want anyone to have anything that he did not have. 'I do not like fires,' said Skim, to himself. 'I am quite warm enough in my thick white fur, so why should those other animals have a fire? I'll go and put it out.'

"He stamped Southwards



through the snow. Every day he became more sulky and bad-tempered. It was evening when he came to the fire, nearly bed-time—like it is now. The big, bad bear waited and watched. As the evening grew darker, one by one the animals went away to their homes and fell asleep, all except a little robin perched on the branch of a nearby tree. It was a plain, brown robin. No robin had a red breast in those days. The little bird was awake, watching Skim with bright black eyes. Skim did not see her, but she was used to people not seeing her. ‘I am such a plain creature and my feathers are such drab colours. Oh, I would like to be pretty,’ she would say.

“When all the animals had fallen asleep, Skim shuffled for-

ward. He gathered up piles of snow in his paws and threw them on the fire. Then he pushed snow all round it and stamped on it with his big, wet feet, until not a spark of fire seemed to be left. Then Skim went away to the North again, quite sure that the fire was out.

“As soon as the bad white bear had disappeared, the little robin fluttered to a lower branch. She knew how sad the animals would be to wake up and find there was no blazing fire to keep them warm. She thought about the people who would not have a fire to cook their dinner on. The robin flew down to the ground. She wanted to see if there was anything she could do. Suddenly her head jerked to one side, the way that a robin’s head does

when it is looking at something.

"Among the sticks, there was one tiny spark left. She fluttered close to, it then stood beating her wings as fast as she could. She fanned the spark until it grew bigger and bigger and the sticks began to splutter and then burst into flame. The flames flared up, but the robin wanted to be sure that the fire would not go out. She stood near to the flames with her wings out-stretched, ready to fan them again if they should die down. They did not fade, but suddenly leapt at the brave little bird and scorched her breast. She flew back to the tree and perched on the branch. The burn was stinging and when she looked down she saw that the feathers on her breast had turned a lovely red colour.

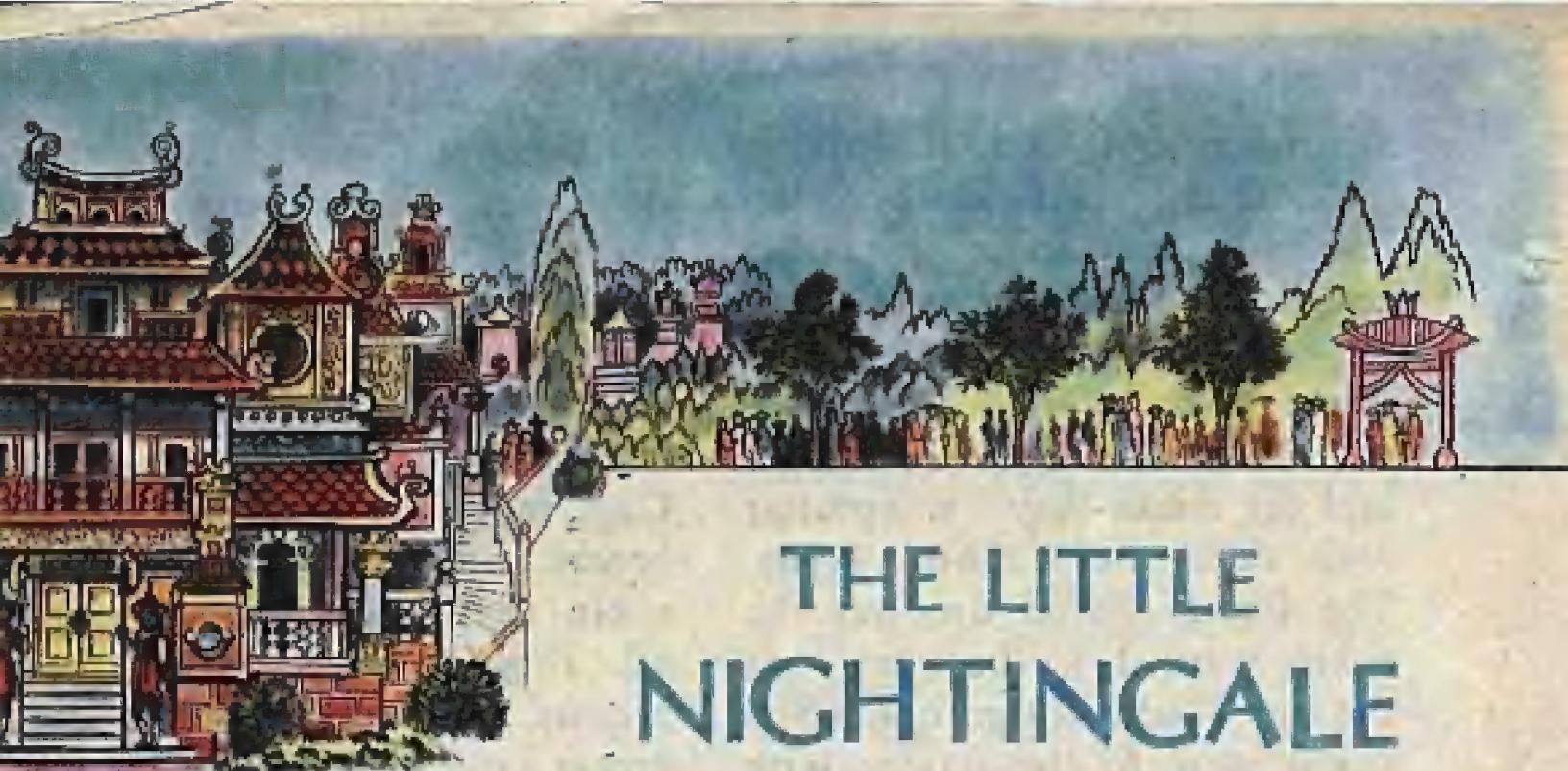
"Mother Nature had seen the brave act and she whispered to the robin in the voice of the gentle breeze. She told the little bird she would heal her breast and make it well again. The robin looked once more at the

red patch on her breast. 'Oh dear,' she said, 'I wish I could keep the lovely red feathers when I'm better.' Mother Nature was very pleased with the robin and decided that the bird should have her wish. Once more she whispered like a breeze. This time she told the robin that from that moment, all robins would have red breasts. She said that the red breast would be like a medal for bravery. Then she healed the burn on the robin's breast. That is why to this day robins have red breasts."

Mockawawa finished the story, then picked up his pipe and lit it. The wolves got up and went back to the forest and the birds sat on their nests, put their heads under their wings and went to sleep. The mother Red Indians said to their children: "It's bed-time!"

"Goodnight, children," called Mockawawa. "Don't forget to put crumbs out for the robins."





THE LITTLE NIGHTINGALE

Long ago, in China, there was an Emperor, who lived in a beautiful palace. The palace stood in a garden that stretched so far that even the gardeners had no idea where it ended. The palace was made of precious porcelain and in the garden were lakes, woods and rare flowers. The garden bordered the sea and, in the branches of a big tree on the shore, lived a nightingale which sang so beautifully that even a poor fisherman, who had so much else to do, would stop and listen when he was taking in his nets at night.

From every city in the world travellers came to marvel at the Emperor's palace and garden, but as soon as they heard the nightingale, everyone said:

"Oh, but that is the best of all!" When the travellers went home they wrote books about the palace and the gardens and every book told about the sweet song of the nightingale.

One day, the Chinese Emperor was sitting in his golden chair, reading a book sent to him by the Japanese Emperor. He was very happy, because the book was full of splendid descriptions of his palace and garden. "The nightingale is the best of all," said the book. The Emperor commanded the nightingale to be brought to him. "The whole world knows what I possess, yet I know nothing about this bird," he said. "I have never even heard it."

All the important people in the court started to look for

the nightingale. No one could find it but they found a poor little kitchen maid. "I know the nightingale well," said the little girl. "Sometimes, when I am in the wood, I hear it singing. I will take you to it." Half the court joined in the search. They did not know what the nightingale looked like and had never heard its voice. On the way they mistook many creatures for the nightingale. Some thought that a cow was the nightingale, others thought they had found the bird when they came to a frog. It was

left to the little kitchen maid to guide all the important courtiers to the right place.

When she reached the tree, the little girl pointed to a tiny grey bird in the branches. Everyone was surprised to see such an ordinary bird. The little girl asked the nightingale to sing and, when the courtiers heard the song, they could think of no praise high enough for the little bird. The most important courtier asked the nightingale to come to the palace to sing for the Emperor.

That very night the night-



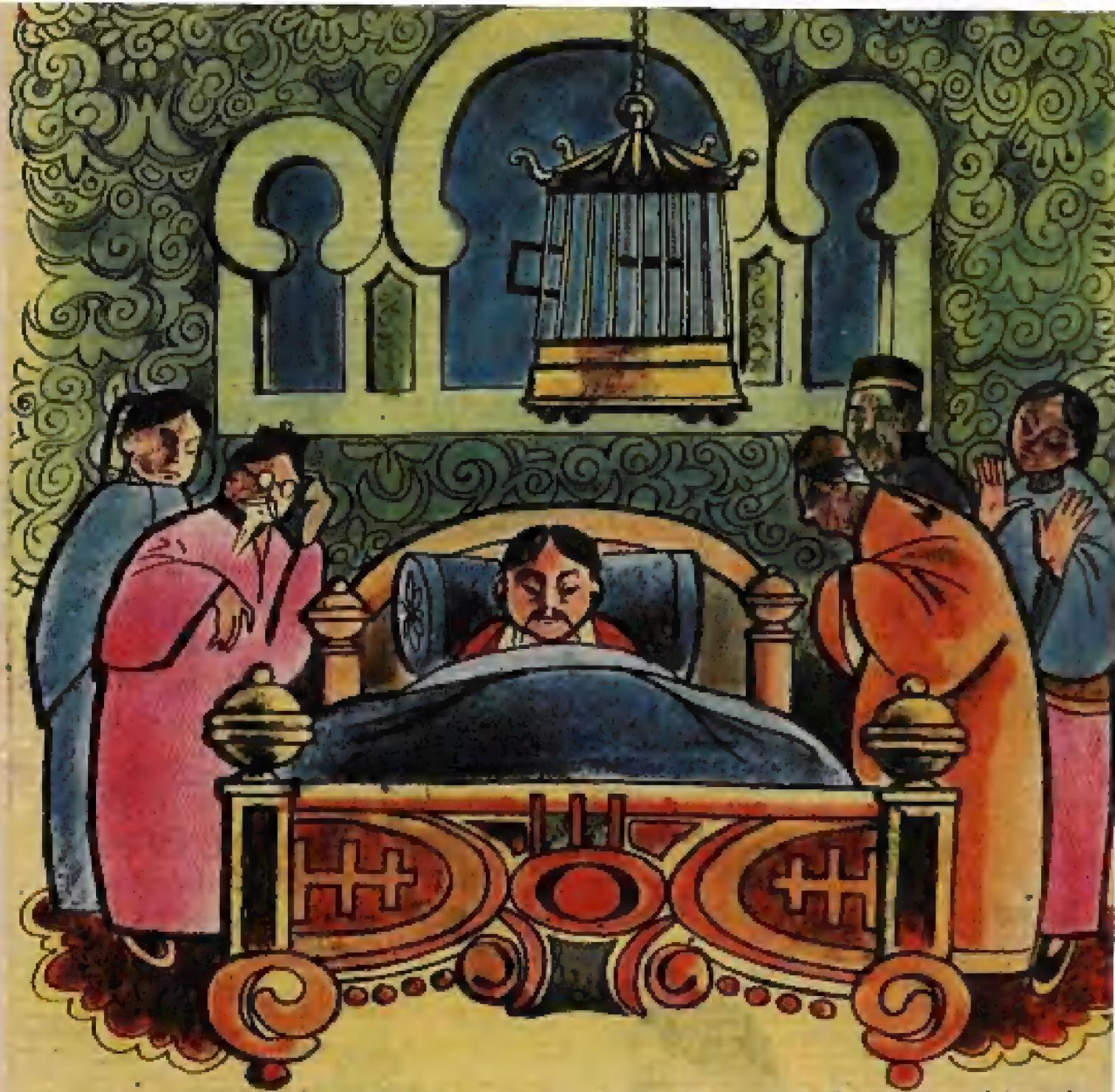


ingale sang for the Emperor in his beautiful palace. As it sang its voice was so lovely that it brought tears to the Emperor's eyes. Later he said the nightingale could have any reward it wanted, but the little bird refused them all and said: "I've seen tears in the Emperor's eyes. That is my richest reward." Then it sang again. Without doubt, the nightingale made a great hit with everyone, from the Emperor down to the lowliest stable lad. It was decided that the little bird should remain at court and have its own cage, with permission to have two walks in the daytime and one at night.

There were twelve attendants, who each held tightly to a thin silken ribbon tied round its leg. There was no fun in a walk like that.

One day, a parcel arrived for the Emperor. It was a clock-work nightingale, covered with precious stones. When it was wound up, it sang one of the real nightingale's songs. The two birds sang together, but it was not very successful, as the real nightingale sang in its own way and the other one was really only a machine and could never alter its song. While everyone listened to the clock-work nightingale singing the same song thirty-three times over, the real nightingale flew out of an open window. When the Emperor realised the little nightingale was missing he was very sad. His courtiers said that he should feel very angry with such an ungrateful bird, so the Emperor became angry and banished the little nightingale from his whole empire of China.

The artificial bird was given a silk cushion close to the Emperor's bed. Every day it sang to the court. This went on for one whole year and by that time everyone in China knew every note that the clockwork night-



ingale could sing. One day, as the Emperor listened to the clockwork nightingale, there was a whirr, a click, then a grinding and the singing stopped. The Emperor sent for a doctor. He could not help, but he suggested that a watchmaker might be able to mend the broken works. A watchmaker came. He mended the

bird, but said that it could only sing once every year, because the works were nearly worn away.

After five years the whole country became sad, because the Emperor was very ill. Cold and pale he lay in his magnificent bed and everyone thought he was dead. The Emperor was not dead, but he was so near

to death he could hear the voice of death calling him. It frightened him so much that he begged drummers to beat the biggest drum in the land so that he could not hear the voice, but that did not work.

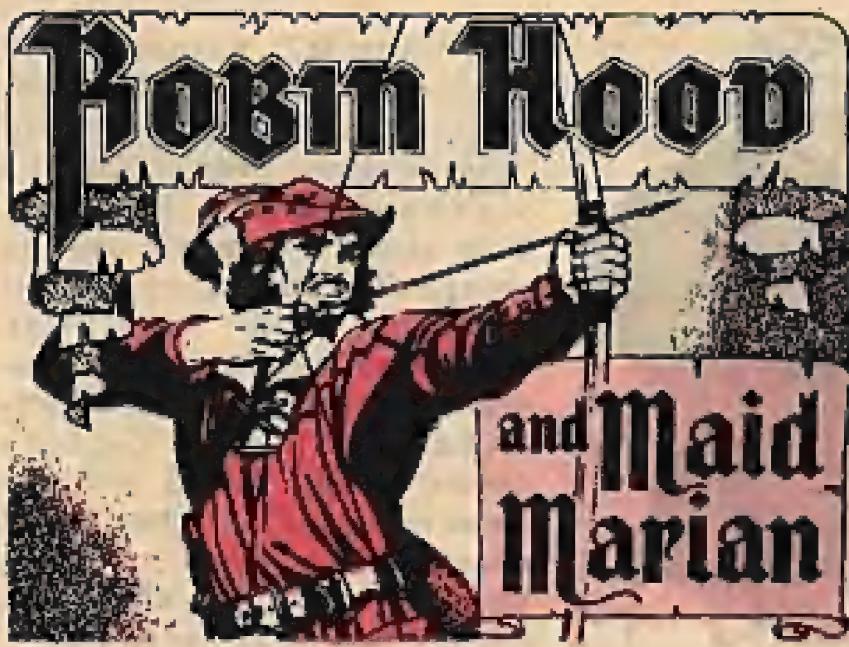
Then, in through a high window, flew the real nightingale. It had heard that the Emperor was very ill and wanted to help. Perching on his pillow it began to sing so sweetly that the Emperor started to feel better and the voice of death began to drift away. With each song the voice became fainter until at last it was silent. The Emperor opened his eyes. "How can I ever thank you?" he said to the little nightingale. Then, because he was still feeling weak, he fell asleep.

When the Emperor woke up he asked the nightingale never to leave him again. "I can't make my home in the palace," said the little bird, "but let me come whenever I want to and I will sing to you. I will tell you about happy things and about sad things. There is only one thing I want you to do—please do not tell anyone about me." Then it flew out of the window.

At that moment all the courtiers came in expecting to find their Emperor dead. They were surprised when he sat up and said, "Good morning," and asked them to bring him some tea. Of course, he never told them about the little nightingale. He had learnt a lesson; that wild things must be allowed to live as they want.



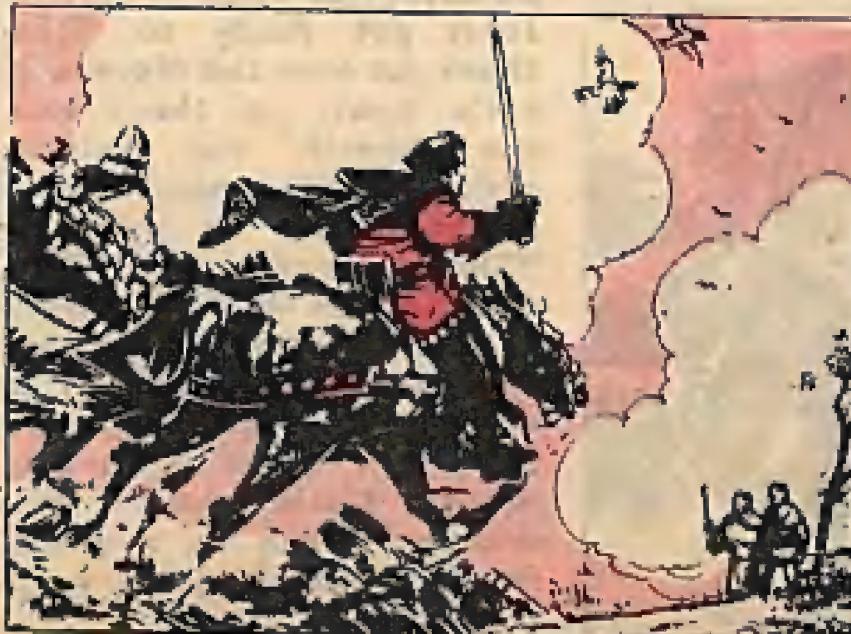
Robin Hood



and Maid Marian

After many exciting adventures, Robin Hood was chased by the Sheriff of Nottingham and was forced to climb a big oak to hide from the soldiers. Meanwhile, Little John and Friar Tuck were looking for him.

"Robin should have come back to camp hours ago," said the Friar. "I wonder what has happened to him?" They looked everywhere but could not see Robin. Then suddenly, they had a shock. A band of Normans was riding towards them.



The Sheriff and his men were riding very fast through the forest to try to catch Robin Hood, but he had dodged them. Instead, they unexpectedly found Friar Tuck and Little John. "Outlaws," cried the Sheriff. "Seize them!"



"Run for it," gasped Friar Tuck. But Little John said, "It's no use. They can easily ride us down. We'll have to stand and fight." They had only stout staves to use as weapons, but they stood firm, and bold. "It's Friar Tuck and Little John," exclaimed the Sheriff of Nottingham, excitedly. "Capture them, Robin Hood will try to save them and then we'll catch him, too." With a thunder of hoofs, the Normans charged at the outlaws.



Boldly, Friar Tuck and Little John got ready to fight them. At once the Normans rode down on them and the Sheriff was yelling order at his men. "Surround them," he shouted. "They can't away now." The two outlaws fought bravely, and their staves held off the soldiers' swords. For a while, they kept the men back, but there were too many. Little John was knocked down by a blow from behind and lay very still.

Norman soldiers seemed to be everywhere. The Friar fought grimly, but he knew he could not fight them all. Soon, he was knocked to the ground and had to give in. If he had fought on, the Normans would have killed him. The Sheriff was delighted. Friar Tuck and Little John were valuable to him as prisoners. He wanted Robin Hood to try and rescue them and then the Sheriff would capture him, too. But he did not say what he was thinking.



"Back to Nottingham" he ordered, and the soldiers set off. Trussed up with ropes, Friar Tuck and Little John had to walk every inch of the way. "Things look bad, but Robin will rescue us, you'll see," declared Little John. Robin was still hiding up in the big oak. He was about to slide to the ground and run to his camp when he heard the Sheriff's soldiers coming. "They are on their way home," he thought. "I'll wait until they have gone."





He stayed where he was, lying very still. He watched the soldiers go by beneath him, and then he had a shock! "Little John and Friar Tuck are prisoners," he gasped. "How can I rescue them?" And he hurried away for help.



It was night when he reached the camp and the merry men of Sherwood were asleep. Robin woke them and said what he had seen. "Get your weapons ready," he ordered. "Then rest while you can. We shall march to their rescue at dawn."



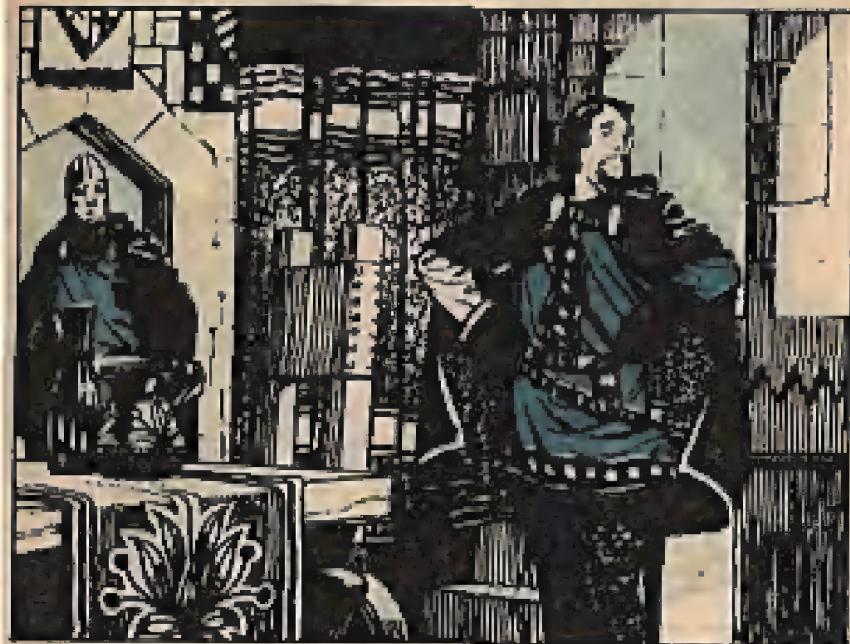
At sunrise, the outlaws were ready. Robin explained his plans to his friends. "We shall march to Nottingham," he told them. "When we get there, we shall split into three parties and attack the castle." "We are ready," they said.

Robin was so busy getting the rescue party ready that he did not think of Maid Marian and her friend, Gwen: But they heard what was going on and made up their minds to go, too. "They will not know us in these cloaks," said Marian. As the outlaws marched out of camp, Marian and Gwen went with them, but Robin did not know they were there. "On to Nottingham," cried Robin. "We will not come back to Sherwood unless the Friar and Little John are with us."



The outlaws cheered, then settled down to march through the forest. They walked steadily, saving their strength for the fight that lay ahead of them. They were armed with all sorts of weapons, from bows and arrows to oak clubs. Meanwhile, Friar Tuck and Little John lay in a dark and dreary dungeon in Nottingham Castle. "There is no sign of rescue yet," said Little John. "Don't worry," replied the Friar. "Robin will set us free. The Sheriff is in for a shock."



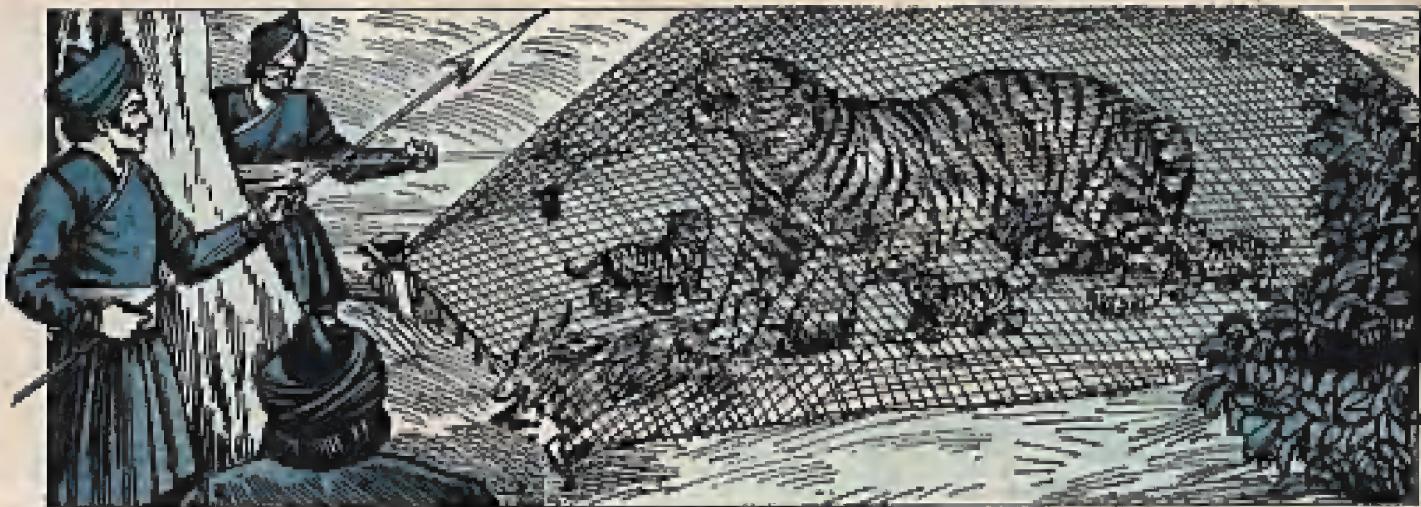


But the Sheriff was very happy with the way things were going. He told the Norman knight, Sir Geoffrey Malpert, "I'll have my two prisoners whipped in the courtyard and when Robin Hood tries to rescue them we'll capture him."

"You see," he went on, "they are preparing the whipping post now. I feel sure that Robin Hood will bring his men to Nottingham to rescue his friends, but I shall be waiting for him. My soldiers will be everywhere in the streets.



The Sheriff guessed correctly that Robin would try to rescue Little John and Friar Tuck, but he did not know that Robin was already on his way to Nottingham. The outlaws were, even then, striding out of the forest.



THE MAGIC STRING

Once upon a time there lived a King called Nagpal. He had a high opinion of himself and did not much care to listen to the advices of his Ministers. In fact he did whatever his fancies dictated. Naturally his Ministers were hard put to carry out his whimsical commands. In particular, one of them, Devnath, a wise Minister, was sorely vexed at the mad behaviour of the King, but as he was clever and patient, he managed the daily routine of the administration rather well. In this he was ably helped by Sivasena, the King's personal bodyguard.

One day the King ordered for some tigress's milk. At once Sivasena went to the forest with some guards and trapped

a tigress. Then he brought the animal to the palace. After tying up its fore and back legs he managed to milk it in front of the pleased monarch.

Another day the King called Devnath and said, "Last night a hermit appeared in a vision to me. He showed me a delightful trick. He suspended a ring tied at the end of a string made of ashes. Neither did the rope snap nor did the ring fall to the ground. You must find someone who can perform this trick before me. And listen, if you don't find out someone who can do this within three days, I'll have your head on a platter."

Devnath was dismayed at this strange command. For two days he pondered over this.

Then a bright idea struck him. He would get a magician to perform this trick.

Next day he made all the preparations. Then he went to the palace with a man who looked like a hermit. He said to the King, "Sire, this hermit is a learned man. He will do what you ask. But don't ask any question because he will not answer. He has taken the vow of silence."

Then the hermit took out a string and tied a birch twig at one end. At the other end he tied the ring. Then he signalled to Devnath to bring a lamp. The light was held under the string which soon turned into ashes. But the ring did not fall to the ground.

The crowd of breathless courtiers applauded as one man at this fascinating display. The happy King rewarded the hermit amply.

That evening when Sivasena met Devnath, the latter said, "That was a good show you put on. Thank God, the trick succeeded."

Sivasena asked in some wonder, "But how did you manage the trick?"

Devnath replied, "Well, the string I gave you had been soaked in salt water thrice. Naturally all the salt adhered to the sides of the string. When the lighted match was applied, the string did not burn down. As there was no wind, everything went off very well."

Sivasena clapped his hands in appreciation and said, "Well, Sir, everyone who learns this trick can become a famous magician."

Well, now that the story has been told, even you can perform this simple magic trick. Only don't try it under an electric fan.





A CLEVER ANSWER

In Kashmir there lived a great scholar named Kasinath. People came from all over the land to learn from him and his fame spread far and wide. He was an expert astrologer, and it was said that his prophecies never failed. Though there were other learned men, in the land, none was greater than Kasinath.

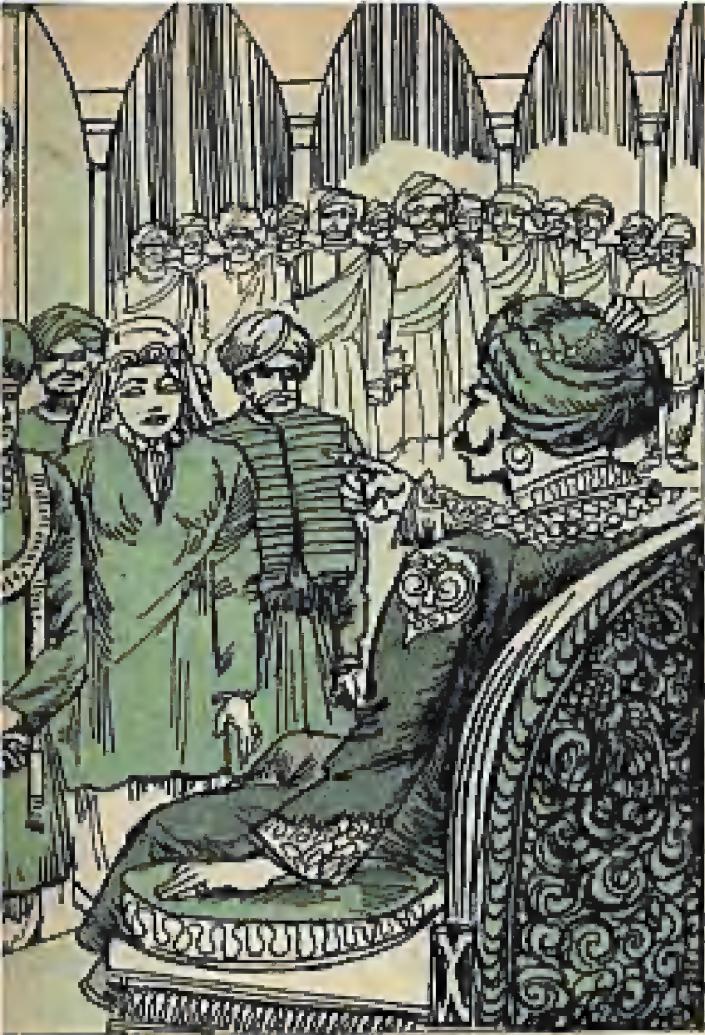
Therefore, many secretly envied him and even plotted to bring about his downfall. They carried tales to the king and created an atmosphere of distrust about Kasinath. The king, influenced by the persuasive words of the jealous people, sent for Kasinath to test his scholarship.

When Kasinath arrived at the court, the king pointed out

to three people assembled in front of him and said, "Kasinath, of these three one is mad, the second one is deaf and mute, and the third is a blind woman. With your ability you must make the first one recover his wit, the second one must be made to speak and hear well, and the third must regain her vision. I command you to do this."

Poor Kasinath had not expected this, and so he did not know what to do. The king asked again, "How many days do you need to accomplish this?"

Kasinath thought for a while and then said, "Oh king! It will take me three months. The first month I will examine the



"Does it mean that you cannot accomplish this task?"

Kasinath replied calmly, "That is not so, my lord! We can do the impossible with spells. In our country great savants have worked out wonders. But to change the course of the planets, I need your permission."

Surprised, the king asked, "Why do you need my permission for that?"

Kasinath replied, "If these three good people must regain their lost powers, then the planets must be made to change their positions. But once the planets chart a new course, their movement will affect the fortunes of a number of people. Even you may be affected adversely by that. After all, if good must come to a few, the many must suffer for that. May be, your Lord may even lose the throne. That is why I seek your permission. If you decide that the many should be allowed to suffer so that these may be cured, I'll begin my work from tomorrow."

When the courtiers heard what Kasinath had to say, they trembled in their boots. They knew the power of Kasinath's prophecies. They were not

lines on their palms, and the strength of the planets governing their lives. Then I will begin treatment accordingly."

The king said, "Very well. If you do not succeed in curing these people within three months I'll banish you from this land."

Kasinath went away from the court with the three following him. A month later he came back to the court and said, "My Lord! I examined their palms and studied the course of their planets. I regret to say that nothing is favourable to them. Therefore no treatment will be effective with them."

The king asked angrily,



prepared to suffer for the sake of the three.

The chief minister whispered something into the king's ears and hastily the monarch said, "If it is so, then let these three left as they are."

Then he dismissed Kasinath with honours and presents. As for the jealous scholars who had plotted against Kasinath, well, they ran away from the land, and that was the last anyone saw of them.

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

ANSWERS

1. Mansiram in Assam
2. Thailand (Siam)
3. Java—the most densely populated of the many Islands comprising Indonesia.
4. Gartok in Tibet at an altitude of 4,602 metres
5. Haridhwar
6. Dr. Vikram Sarabhai. He was Chairman of Atomic Energy Commission
7. Elastic : The body comes back to its original shape after being subjected to tension
Plastic : The body does not come back to its original shape after being subjected to tension
8. Because light travels faster than sound
9. Dr. C. V. Raman in 1930
10. Alfred B. Nobel
11. Willow tree
12. America
13. 90 minutes.
14. Hamlet in Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'
15. May Day or 1st May



THE SECRET TREASURE

Long long ago, there lived in the city of Kancheepuram a merchant named Ambar. He had three sons, the eldest of whom was the brightest. One day the merchant died suddenly, and the burden of earning for the family fell on the frail shoulders of Meena, the mother of the boys. She managed to eke out a living somehow. When Ganesh, the eldest son, reached manhood, she entrusted the care of the family to him. Then she got him married to a comely girl from the same city. At the time that she became a grandmother to Ganesh's baby daughter Uma, she fell severely ill and realised that her end was

near. So she beckoned to Ganesh to come to her bedside.

The other sons thought that their mother was going to reveal some great secret to Ganesh, and so they stood just outside the room and tried of overhear what their mother was telling Ganesh.

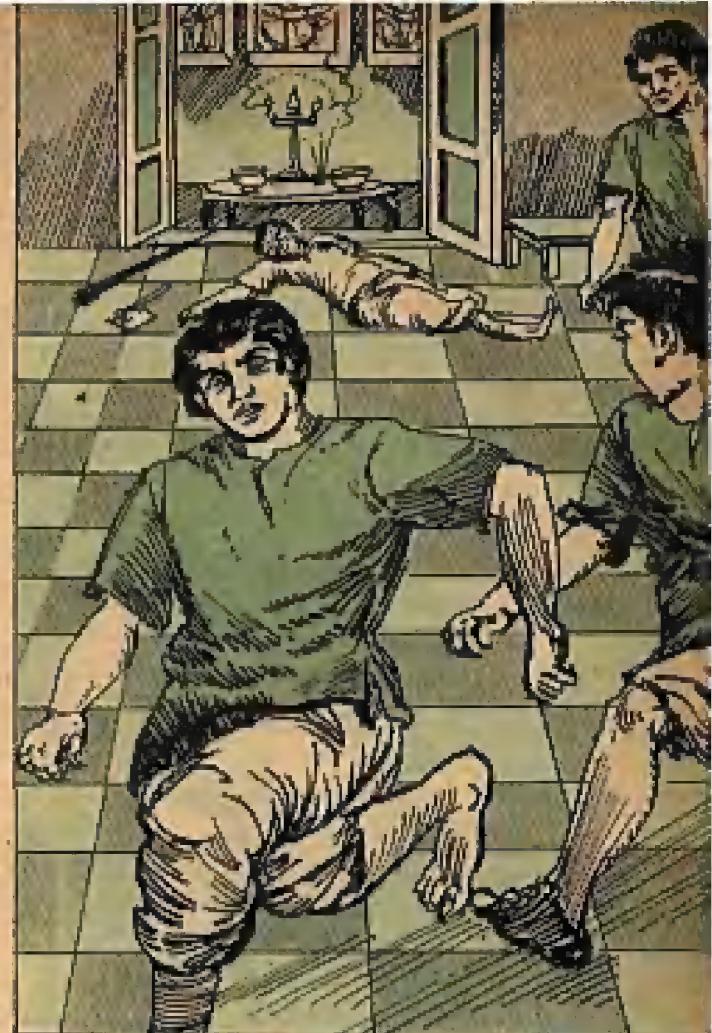
Meena in a feeble voice said to Ganesh, "Son, underneath the stone platform in the Lord's room, lie buried a few jars full of gold coins. But don't touch that treasure on any account. Many in our family have tried to lay hands on the treasure. But they have all died. You must warn your children too not to touch that

treasure. There is a curse on that."

Rather intrigued by this information, Ganesh asked, "Mother, what is the reason for this curse?"

Meena replied, "It seems that long ago, a woman in our family found this treasure, but before she could enjoy it, she fell ill and was on the point of death. So she vowed that she would be reborn some time and enjoy the treasure, and that if anyone touched it before that, doom would strike that person."

Ganesh pondered over these words long after Meena had died and resolved never to touch the treasure for fear of the curse laid on it. But his brothers, dim-witted as they were, longed to lay their hands on the treasure, unknown to Ganesh. So one day, Bhupathi the second son, stole into the puja room, and taking up a pick axe began to dig into the cement platform. The noise awoke Ganesh and he rushed in and saw Bhupathi digging up the floor under which lay the jars of gold. Ganesh opened his mouth to shout out a warning, but it was too late. Bhupathi crazy with greed plunged



his hand into the hole he had made in the floor and the next minute reeled back with loud cry of pain, blood dripping from his forearm. A black snake glided out of the hole and slithered out of the room. Before the horrified eyes of Ganesh, Bhupathi writhed in agony and died.

After this event, Ganesh sealed up the hole and reminded his other brother Raghupathi never to open the hole. But the latter, tormented by secret thoughts of the wealth, could not contain himself. And as one night when Ganesh had gone to the next town with



his family, he stole into the puja room and attacked the platform with a stone cudgel. His efforts dislodged a few loose bricks from the column supported by the platform and these fell with a sickening thud on Raghupathi's head, killing him instantly.

When Ganesh returned home and saw the tragedy, he was horrified. From that day onwards he resolved never to go near the treasure and even built a high wall round it.

A few years later, Uma grew into a beautiful maiden and Ganesh started to look for a suitable bridegroom for his daughter.

But one day Uma went to the nearby stream to fetch water and saw a handsome young man sitting on the bank. She looked at him shyly and emboldened by this, the young man introduced himself to her. Their friendship turned into love, and Uma informed her father of her desire to marry the young man. Ganesh found out that the young man was named Chandrakanth and that he was the son of a wealthy merchant. When he broached the subject of marriage to the father of the boy, the latter said firmly, "If you can pay a dowry of a thousand gold pieces we'll talk about it."

Poor Ganesh had to return home crestfallen, for he did not have so much money. His daughter was heartbroken and spent many sleepless nights bemoaning her fate. One night she fell into a deep slumber and dreamt that some unseen force was making her dig out the gold that lay under the cement platform. When she told Ganesh about it, he absolutely forbade her to dig for the gold as it was cursed, and had already claimed the lives of her two uncles.

Uma thought about this long

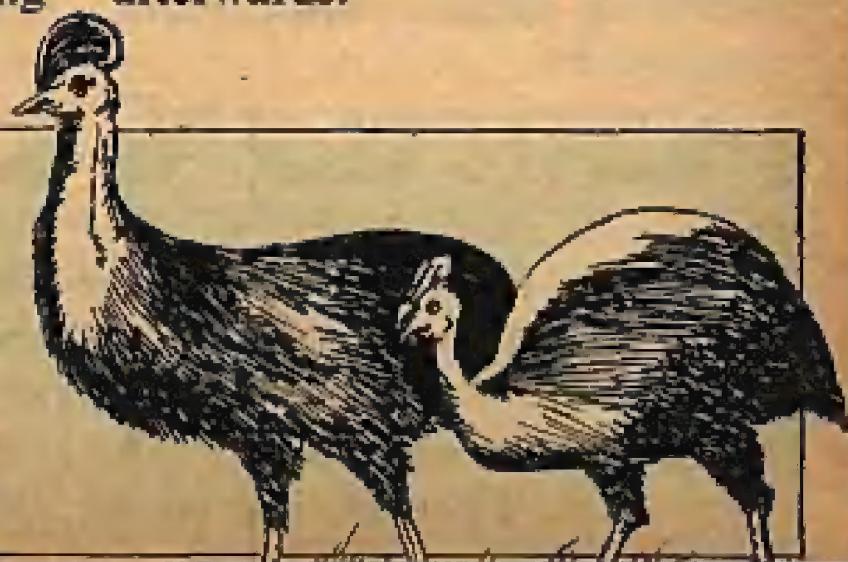


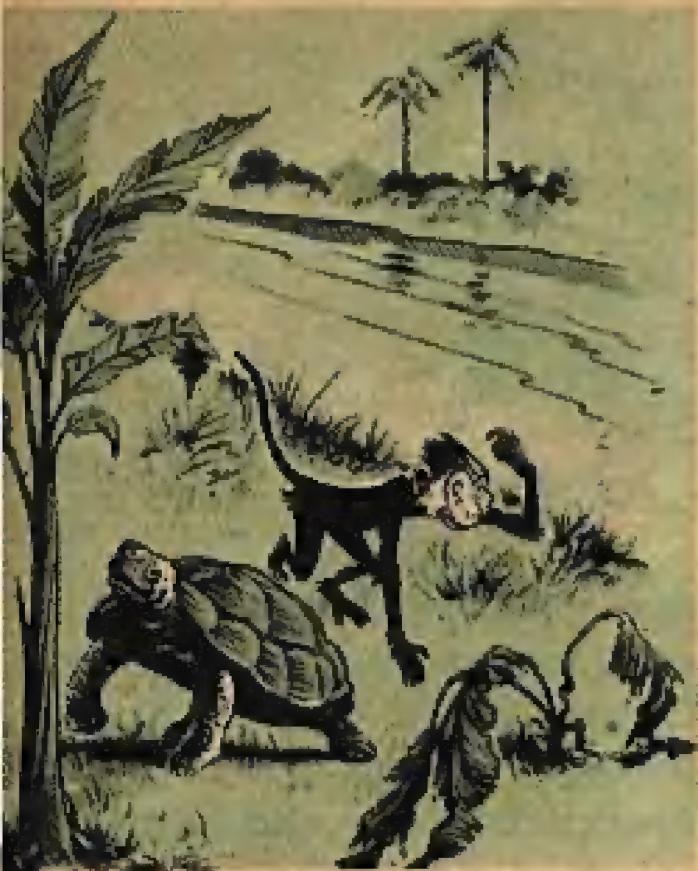
and deeply. If her father could not gather the dowry asked for she could never marry the man of her choice. Death was preferable to that. So she resolved to dig for the gold and informed Ganesh of her determination. He tried his best to reason with her, but she would not listen. Armed with a pick axe, she attacked the wall, and then the foundations of the cement platform. When she had opened up the hole she put her hand in and brought out the copper jars containing

the gold. Ganesh shut his eyes not wanting to see a fresh tragedy strike his family. But imagine his surprise when he opened his eyes and saw Uma standing unharmed with the gold in her hands! At last Ganesh understood that the spell had been lifted, as the rightful owner had returned to claim the treasure.

So on an auspicious day, he celebrated the marriage of Uma and Chandrakanth, and the young couple lived happily ever afterwards.

Among the few birds which can kill a man is the Cassowary, a flightless bird of New Guinea. The inside toes of its powerful legs have a long stiletto-like nail which can inflict a grave injury. The bird is five feet high and is the largest land animal in New Guinea, to which it is confined. It swims well and can run at 30 m.p.h. faster than a horse.





THE TURTLE

looks large and brown and floats like a log. I have heard of crocodiles which look large and brown and float in the water like a log. They have lots of teeth and will gobble you up quickly if they can catch you. I wonder whether this is a crocodile, or a log?"

He watched the brown thing float nearer and then he saw that it really was a log, or rather, a tree, for he could see green leaves on the top.

"I believe it's a banana tree," he said to himself. "Yum, yum, I do like bananas."

He plunged into the river and swam to the tree, took hold of it and pulled it ashore. There were no bananas on the tree, but the turtle decided to plant it and wait for the bananas to grow.

Once upon a time, on a big island in the Pacific Ocean, where the weather is always hot, a turtle was sitting sunning himself on the bank of a river. As he sat there, he saw something floating downstream towards him.

"I wonder what it can be?" he thought to himself. "It

Far away, in the Pacific Ocean, lies a group of islands called the Philippine Islands, where this story comes from. It is very hot and many monkeys live there. They sit chattering among the trees, keeping cool in the shady leaves. Big turtles live there, too. They like the water best and make it their home.

E AND THE MONKEY

A monkey sat nearby.
"Monkey," called the turtle.
"I want to plant this banana tree so that I can eat the bananas when they grow. Come and help me."

"Ah!" said the monkey.
"There will be a lot of hard digging to do. I will only help you if you give me half of the tree first."

"It's silly to cut a tree in half," protested the turtle.
"Give me a hand to plant it and you can have some of the bananas when they grow. I'm not greedy. I don't want them all."

"If I don't get half, I shall not dig," replied the monkey,
so the turtle had to agree and they cut the tree in half. The monkey was really rather a silly creature, who did not bother to stop and think things out. He looked at the two halves of the tree and he thought, "I shall have the top half because there are bright green leaves on it and it looks much prettier than those dull old roots. Also, I

know that is the end on which the bananas grow and I like bananas."

The turtle gave the monkey the half with the leaves on and the monkey helped to dig the holes. Of course, he had quite forgotten that if the tree was





cut in two they would have to dig two holes and there would be twice as much work. They planted the two halves, watered them and then waited for them to grow. The monkey's half did not grow at all, for it had no roots. Slowly the bright green leaves turned brown and withered away and the branches just drooped over on to the earth. The turtle's half had the roots and of course it grew bigger and bigger and new branches sprouted. Soon the new branches had buds and the buds grew into bright green leaves. The tree grew and grew until it was a big tree and it had a lot of bananas.

Turtles cannot climb trees and the turtle looked up at the ripe bananas and wondered how he was going to get them. "Monkey!" he called out. "Come and climb my tree and throw me some bananas down. I will willingly give you half of what are there."

The monkey climbed the tree and picked the bananas but he did not throw any down, as he had said he would. He sat in the branches, eating bananas and calling down to the turtle, to tell him how delicious they tasted.

"What about my share?" called the turtle.

"Come up and get them," called the monkey.

"You know I can't climb," replied the turtle.

"Too bad for you," called the monkey. "Here, have a banana skin." He threw one down.

The turtle was very cross. He looked around and saw a prickly bramble bush. He picked the prickly branches and laid them on the ground all the way round the banana tree and then went and hid nearby.

When the monkey had eaten all the bananas he wanted, he came back down the tree, carry-

ing a bunch with him, just in case he might feel hungry later. He did not bother to look where he was going because he was too busy laughing at the trick he had played on the poor turtle so he jumped down, right in the middle of the patch of brambles. "Ouch!" he yelled. "Ooooh! Oh!" It was so painful that he began dancing up and down, but of course, the more the monkey danced around, the more prickles he got in his feet.

The turtle was helpless with laughter. The monkey heard him laughing and when he was clear of the brambles he went and found the turtle and turned him on his back. The monkey knew that when a turtle is turned on to its back it is helpless. "Now," he said, to the unhappy turtle, "I am going to think of all the most horrid things I can do to you. Let me see, I can dance on your middle until you are black and blue or I can pour honey on you until you are all sticky and glued to the earth, or I can take you up to the top of that mountain and throw you down. Yes, I think I might do all those things."

"Oh monkey, I like honey.

Please cover me with honey," said the turtle. "I like being danced on, too, it tickles my tummy and it's nice. I don't mind being thrown down a mountain, either. In fact, I love it, because I bounce up and down on my hard shell," went on the turtle, who really hated all these things. "But please, please, dear monkey, whatever you do, don't throw me into the water. I hate water," he wailed.

The monkey fell into the trap, as the turtle had intended. He quite forgot that turtles live much of their lives in water and swim and dive much better than monkeys.

"If you hate water as much as that," said the monkey, "I shall definitely throw you in the river." He picked up the

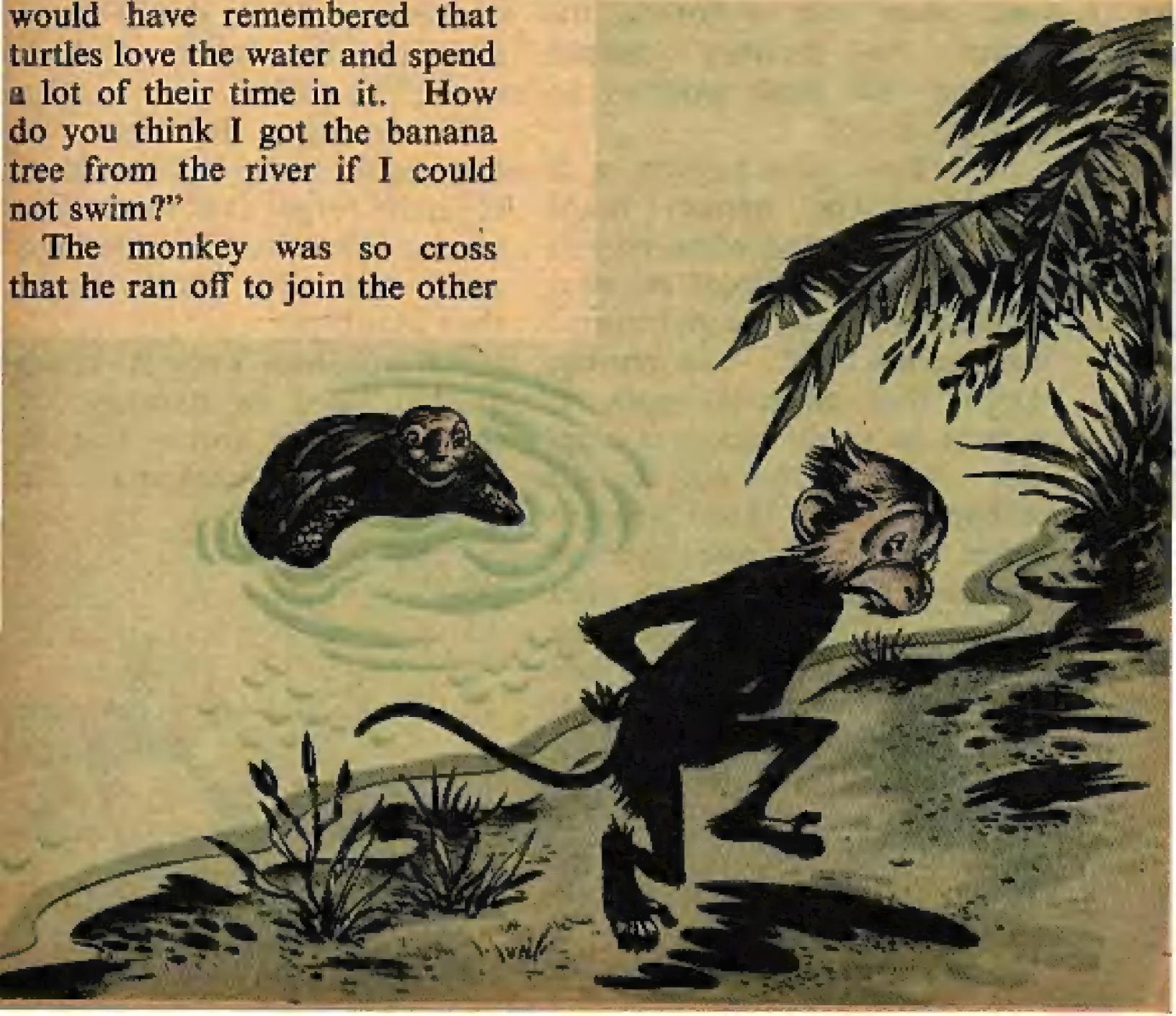


turtle and threw him in. "That will teach you not to laugh at me," he called, very pleased with himself, as he heard the great splash!

The turtle swam to the surface poked his head out and grinned at the monkey. "You should think before you act, monkey," he called. "If you had thought for a moment you would have remembered that turtles love the water and spend a lot of their time in it. How do you think I got the banana tree from the river if I could not swim?"

The monkey was so cross that he ran off to join the other

monkeys and never went near the banana tree again. The turtle swam round and round in the water. "I like swimming," he said. Then he crawled on to the bank and ate bananas from the bunch, which the monkey had dropped, when he landed on the brambles.





The Clever Wife

Once upon a time there lived a farmer named Hari. His wife Muniya was extremely forgetful. She could never remember the simplest of instructions and caused her husband a lot of embarrassment by her conduct.

One day, Hari set out for the field and told Muniya, "Look here, woman, don't forget to bring my lunch."

Muniya nodded her head, but soon forgot all about it when her next door neighbour Laxmi dropped in to exchange the daily gossip. Time sped away, noon came and went, but she still talked on and on. When evening came she remembered that she hadn't made any lunch.

So, hastily she set the fire going and busied herself with dinner. Just then Hari came into the house in a towering rage. Poor fellow hadn't eaten anything throughout the day. When he saw the oven just barely lit, his rage boiled over, and seizing a flat stick beat his wife with it. Poor Muniya wept and wept and Oh! how she cried and cried!

Next morning Hari again set out for the fields and told his wife, "Look here, woman, bring food today or else I won't be responsible for whatever happens."

Muniya solemnly promised to carry his lunch. But as soon



as Hari left, she forgot all about it and as usual engaged in gossip with Laxmi. When it was noon, she suddenly remembered about Hari's lunch. It was too late to cook anything. Quickly she stuffed some uncooked rice, a few pieces of raw vegetables in an earthen vessel, and set off for the fields.

Hari, waiting impatiently for his wife, at last saw her coming along leisurely. When she reached him, he lost his temper again, and slapped her resoundingly for coming late.

At once Muniya began to wail and beat her breast. "Oh! God, look at my cruel husband, see how he treats me. Have I not been a good wife? If in the eyes of God I am a

good wife, then let whatever I've cooked turn back into their original form," Muniya exclaimed loud.

Hari snatched the vessel from her hand, and held it upside down. Out popped a few pieces of potato and egg plant. The uncooked rice gushed out on the ground. Hari looked at the empty pot, then at his wife and last of all at the uncooked particles of rice. He realised his wife had been clever enough to outwit him. So he laughed heartily and forgave her. Of course, he never beat her again and she never forgot anything afterwards.

Moral: Never beat your wife because she will beat you in everything else.

The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

—Shakespeare.

FAITH

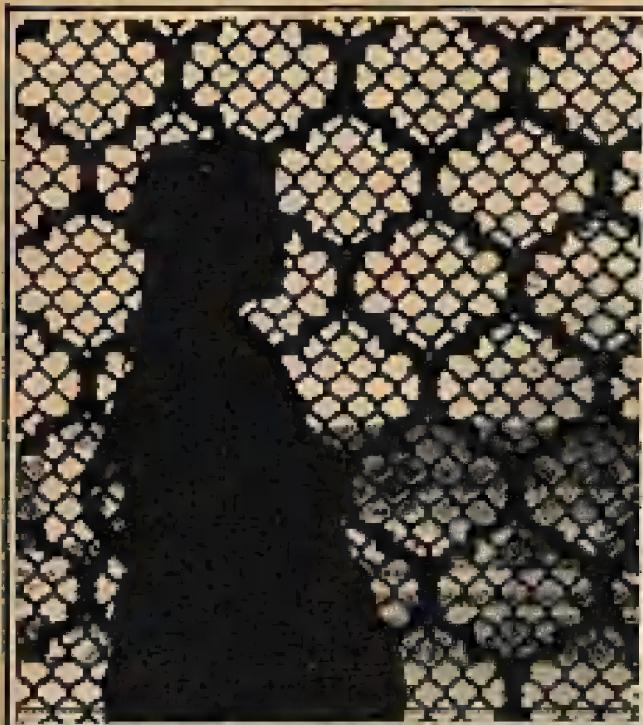
A certain disciple had full faith in his master. He had even walked on the waters of the river while taking the name of his master. He could do this only because his belief in the powers of his guru was unshakable. He thought highly of his teacher and spoke his name reverently and devotedly.

When the master heard that his disciple had actually walked across a river, he said to himself, "If my very name can inspire my disciple to perform such a miraculous feat, how much greater must my own powers be!"

Puffed up by the thought of his own greatness, the master went to the river and attempted to walk on the waters. At once he sank like a stone and was drowned.



PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Sanabhu Mukherjee



Mr. Sanabhu Mukherjee

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 31st July.
- Winning captions will be announced in SEPTEMBER issue
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in May Issue

The Prize is awarded to

Miss Jayanthi Pattabhi Raman,
1/3-A Ramachandra Iyer Street,
Perambur, Madras 600 011.

Winning Entry—'A Lovely Wench'—'A Heavenly Quench'



SELECTING THE BRIDEGROOM

Long ago there lived an eminent scholar. He was well versed in the scriptures. The king of the land honoured him suitably for his vast knowledge. But unfortunately for this great man, his son Ramakrishna turned out to be a dunce and a fool. Even when the son grew to manhood his foolishness remained unchanged. Thus in all that land there was no one willing enough to give his daughter in marriage to the fool.

This state of affairs worried the father very much and after a diligent search he arranged a match with the daughter of another scholar in a far distant country.

On the appointed day, Ramakrishna went to inspect the

bride, as was the custom. The father of the maiden welcomed him cordially and placed a number of books in front of the fool. Ramakrishna picking up each book held it in front of him and asked what the title meant. The scholar provided the answer and so it went on until Ramakrishna chanced upon a book impressive for its size and asked what the title meant. The scholar said briefly, 'Alik-hita', which in Sanskrit meant "unwritten".

Naturally, Ramakrishna asked naively, "Oh! Who is the author of this? What is the style like?"

At once the people in the room realized that he was an idiot. Consequently he was



sent back without further ceremony for after all who wants an ass for a son-in-law?

* * *

There was a certain king who went around looking for a suitable bridegroom for his comely daughter. But she said, "Father, I'll marry the man who can answer my questions."

So the king's heralds went forth announcing the princess's desire and many were the suitors who turned up. To all those young men, the princess said, "I'll give you a brief problem in arithmetic. You must solve it within the count of three. The problem is this. A certain hermit planted a lotus in a

pond. Next day it split into two. The two became four. On the third day it became eight. Thus each day thereafter the number multiplied twice of what it was the previous day. In thirty days the pond was full with lovely lotuses. Now the question is, on which day was the pond half full with lotuses?"

Having said this she began to count, "One" when a suitor remarked, "Fifteenth day", another replied, "Tenth day". The princess counted two, and a suitor sitting in a corner called out lazily, "On the twenty-ninth day, the pond was half full."

Needless to add, the princess married him.

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THE FOREST PRINCE

Long, long ago, a certain king named Punyaketu went on a hunting trip. He chased a deer and went deep into the forest. Thus he lost his way and was separated from his men. After wandering around for sometime he came to an open place in which stood a neat little cottage. He knocked on the door. A beautiful maiden opened the door and invited him to come in. The king was so charmed by her beauty that he asked her to marry him. She consented gladly. Then the king Punyaketu and Shalini lived as husband and wife. A son was born to them. After some time some of the king's men found out his

hiding place and he was forced to return to the capital. Before departing he called Shalini to him and said, "I am going back to the palace to take up my duties. When my son grows to manhood send him to me. So that I may recognise him, hang this locket round his neck." Then giving Shalini a beautifully made locket Punyaketu galloped off to the palace.

Time passed, and Shalini's son, named Sundar, grew up to be a handsome lad.

Then one day she called him aside and said, "Son, let me tell you a secret. You are the



son of the king of this land. Your father wanted me to go to the palace but I did not agree. I have stayed here all my life. But now you must go and stay in the palace as is required of the heir to the throne. Show your father this locket so that he may recognise you. If on the way, you see Grumpy, come back home."

Now Sundar did not know who Grumpy was but he said he would obey his mother. So Sundar set out but he had hardly gone a few steps when he saw Grumpy. Mindful of his mother's warning he retraced his steps home.

This happened twice more and young Sundar went out a third time more cautiously. He saw Grumpy tramping along ahead of him. So Sundar hid behind a tree but somehow Grumpy found him out and engaged him in conversation. Grumpy soon learnt who the young lad was, and said, "Well, Sir, we'll go together. As your father has never seen you, I'll help you to get introduced to the king."

Then Sundar and Grumpy went along until they reached a well. Grumpy stopped and said, "Sundar, I am thirsty, but the water is so far below that I don't know how I'll be able to reach it."

Sundar offered to go down and immediately descended into the well. No sooner had he done this, than Grumpy rolled a huge boulder over the opening and shouted looking down, "Silly fellow, until you do what I say, I won't let you come up."

Poor Sundar did not know what to do. But he had to promise to obey Grumpy if he wanted to live. Then the wicked Grumpy allowed Sundar to come up and from then on began to treat him like a servant.

At last the two youngmen reached the palace and Grumpy introduced himself to the king as his son. The king seemed sceptical because Grumpy looked cross-eyed and peevish but he was so overjoyed at meeting his only son that all thought of the locket and proof of identity vanished from his mind. For some time Grumpy lived like a prince in the palace and Sundar was made to obey his commands. But the false prince was not satisfied with all this as at the back of his mind lurked the fear that some day the truth would come out. So he decided to do away with Sundar. With this thought in

mind, he went to the king and said, "Father, I have everything in the palace except one thing."

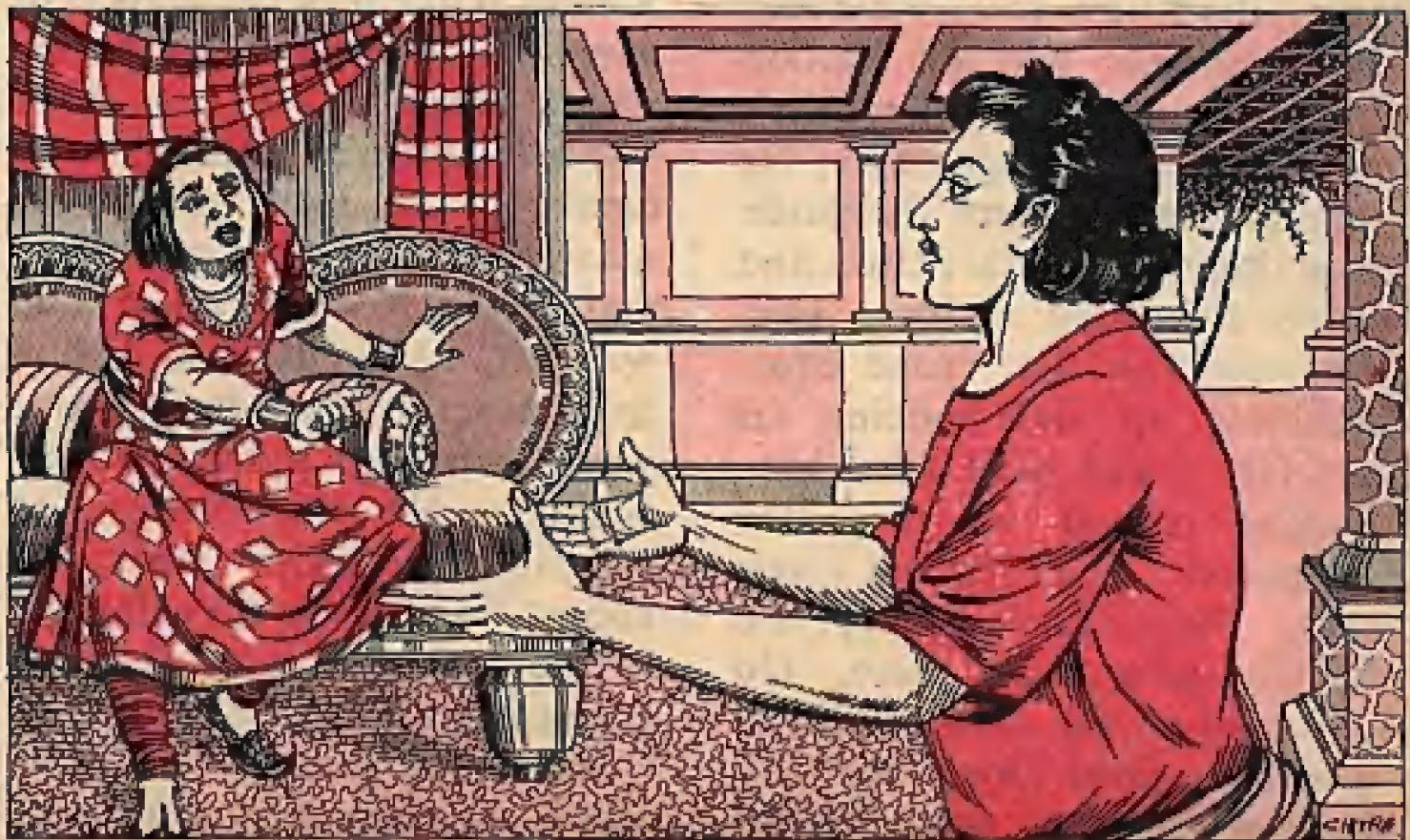
The surprised king asked, "And what is that ?"

Grumpy said, "If I had princess, Sundari here with me that would be really fine."

"Princess Sundari?" exclaimed the king, "But she lives in a grim castle with high walls which no one can scale. No one can possibly get in."

"Don't worry, sir," said Grumpy airily. My servant can accomplish this seemingly impossible task."

Then Grumpy called Sundar and said, "Go and bring Prin-





cess Sundari to this palace. This is the king's order. If you fail, I'll have you beheaded." Poor Sundar had no option but to obey. He left the palace and walked a long way. He did not know where the castle was situated. At last tired and weary he rested under a tree. Just then an old crone come hobbling up and noticing his sad face asked what ailed him. Sundar related all that had happened. Then the old crone said, "Son, don't worry. I'll tell you how to get there. On your way to the castle, you will meet some lions. Don't be afraid, but ask them to come to the

palace of the princess as there they will get a lot of meat to eat. Then further on you will find ants on an ant-hill. Ask them to come too. Then a little ahead you'll find a lot of bees. Ask them to come too. Finally, you'll reach Princess Sundari."

Sundar listened to the old hag's words carefully and soon saw on the way the lions, ants and the bees.

When he reached the castle, he was stopped at the gate by the guards who said he could meet the princess after he had performed three tasks. Then they took him to a room full of meat and ordered him to eat all of it before the night was out. Sundar thought of the lions who appeared before him and ate up all the meat.

Next morning the guards came to the room and were astonished to see the place neat and clean. Not a scrap of food was left. Then they took him to another room where grains were heaped up right up to the ceiling. He was ordered to remove the grains from the room. Sundar this time thought of the ants who came and in a trice carried away all the grains.

Again the guards were surprised at Sundar's feat and

finally took him to a room in which were laid out forty barrels of wine. He was ordered to drink it all up or face the consequences. This time Sundar thought of the bees who came in a body and drank every drop of the wine.

So, at last, Princess Sundari consented to meet Sundar. Then she agreed to go with him to his land, and the twain set out on horses.

Now Grumpy had been keeping a constant vigil from the ramparts of the king's castle. When he saw Sundar and the princess at the distance he grew alarmed. He decided to kill Sundar. So when the two came near, he invited Sundar to come to the top of the castle. When the latter stood before him, Grumpy pretending to be friendly pushed him down. Sundar fell headlong into the moat. But

Princess Sundari jumped after him into the waters. She pulled him ashore and revived him with her magical wand. At this Grumpy ran off in fright. When Sundar opened his eyes, Sundari told him what had happened. Sundar said, "That means, you have brought me back from death. So this is a new life for me. Therefore, I am not bound by oath to Grumpy anymore."

Then Sundar went to the palace and showing the king the locket related all his misadventures. The king who had been secretly ashamed of Grumpy's appearance and conduct was now relieved to find that the handsome lad in front of him was indeed the true heir. He celebrated the wedding of his son Sundar with Sundari. As for Grumpy, he ran off that night and was never heard of again.





OUR CUSTOM

Once the Nawab of Arcot called on an officer of the East India Company. While the two were deep in conversation, the Englishman noticed a sparkling diamond on the Nawab's little finger.

"That's a nice jewel you've got on," he said.

The Nawab replied, "Sir, try it on your finger and see."

So the Englishman wore the ring and admired it greatly. When the time came for him to depart, the Nawab asked for his ring which was still worn by the officer. The latter replied with a sly grin, "We never give back what has come to our hands."

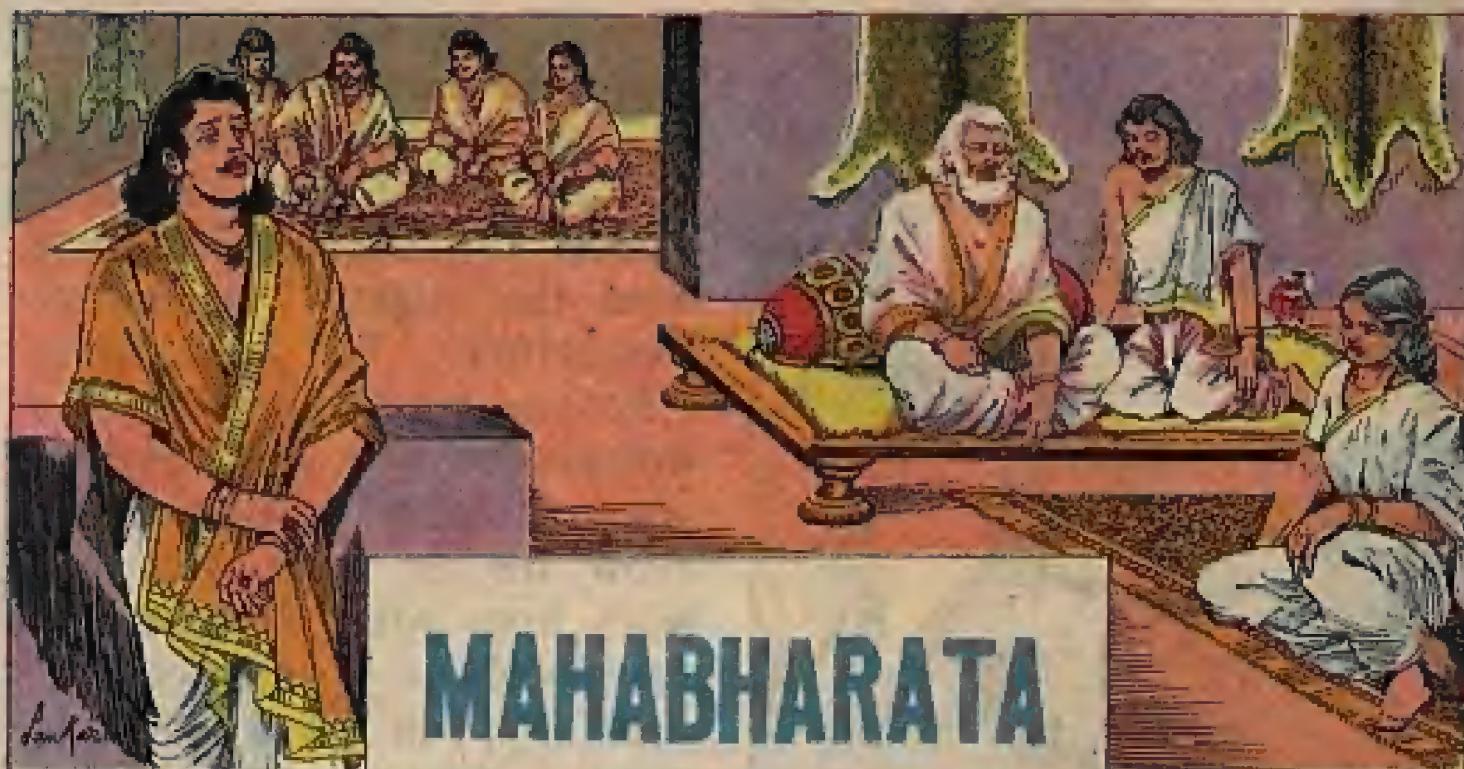
The Nawab got up without a word and went back to Arcot.

Sometime later, the English-

man paid a visit to Arcot. His wife accompanied him. The Nawab welcomed him courteously and the officer's wife was taken inside the palace. After some time the officer rose to depart and noticing that his wife had not come back, said to the Nawab, "Send word to my wife that I am ready to leave."

The Nawab replied smilingly, "We never send back the woman who has been taken into our harem. This is our custom." The taunt went home.

The Englishman flushed with shame at his own conduct. Quickly he slipped the ring off his finger and gave it to the Nawab. At once the Englishman's wife was escorted into his presence and they left the palace.



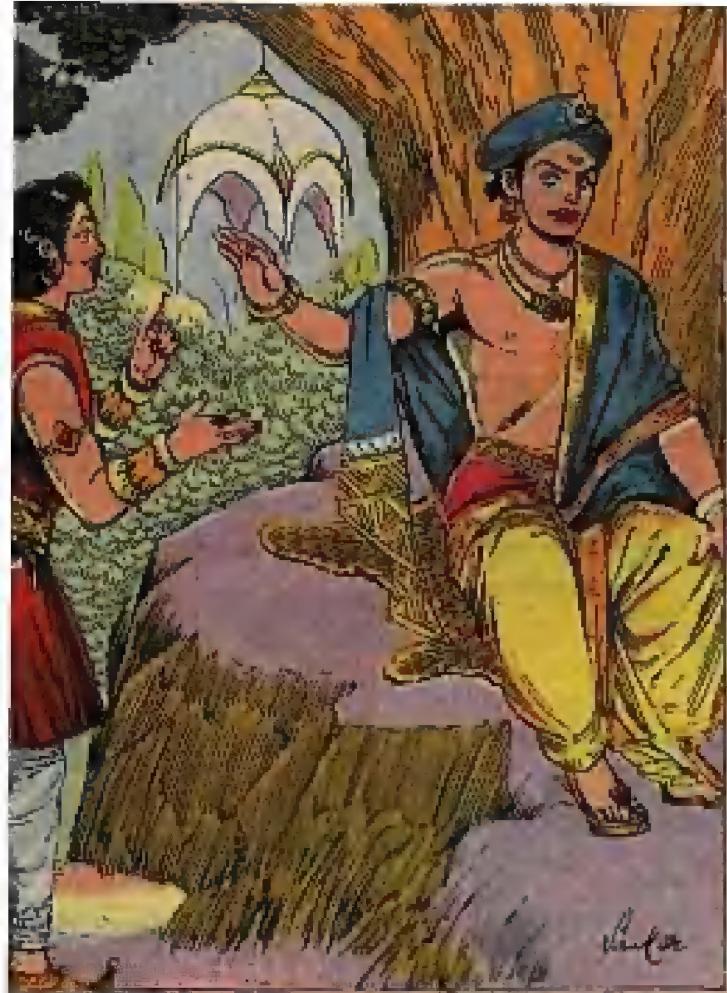
MAHABHARATA

After the battle was over, the Pandavas gathered on the bank of the Ganges. They paid homage to the souls of their numerous kinsmen killed in the battle. They remained under mourning for a full month. During this period they lived in huts outside the city.

Soon many people came there to greet Yudhishtira. Among them were Vyasa and other sages, their pupils, Brahmins and noblemen. Yudhishtira received all courteously and made them comfortable. Then he sat down near them and said, "Krishna, Bhima, Arjuna and other heroes have brought me victory. But I do not consider this as victory. I have killed my kinsmen. Abhi-

manyu and the sons of Draupadi are lost to us. How can I cherish the throne and the kingdom which have come to me through all such tragedy? While we were praying for the souls of the departed, my mother revealed to me that Karna, the mighty warrior and the great philanthrope, was our brother. I fail to understand how this giant of a hero met his doom!"

The sage Narada then disclosed the curses that brought about Karna's fall: Karna, while he was getting lessons in archery from Drona, had grown too jealous of Arjuna who showed great skill in archery. He was also jealous of Yudhishtira who excelled all in intelligence, of Bhima for his



to you? You are, after all, the son of a mere charioteer!"

Karna, although humiliated, was not discouraged. He proceeded to Mahendragiri where lived the mighty Parasurama. Respectfully he told him, "Revered sir, I happen to be a Brahmin boy. I offer myself as your humble pupil. Please allow me to serve you and learn from you." Parasurama accepted him. Karna soon became adept in the art of using many a weapon and recalling them. By his skill he charmed not only men, but also the fairies and goblins who dwelt in that region.

Once while Karna was wandering along the seashore close to the Ashram of his master, his eyes fell on a cow whom he shot with an arrow and killed. Afterwards he learnt that it belonged to a Brahmin and it was marked for a certain religious rite. He did not lose any time in meeting the Brahmin and apologising. But the Brahmin was not to be appeased easily. He cursed Karna, "Just when you will be fighting hard, a wheel of your chariot would get stuck in a hollow. You will then die as helpless a death as my poor cow."

strength, of Nakula and Sahadeva for their nobility and of Krishna and Arjuna for the friendship between them. So he sided with Duryodhana.

One day Karna met Drona secretly and said, "Oh guru, you are surely not partial to anyone, are you? Well, I have a strong desire to defeat Arjuna some day. Will you kindly teach me the secret of the Weapon of Brahma?"

But Dronacharya had a soft corner in his heart for Arjuna. So, he answered Karna, "Don't you know, boy, that the secret you desire to know can be disclosed only to a Brahmin or a Kshatriya? How can I pass it on

Karna continued to serve Parasurama faithfully and learnt from him the secret of the Weapon of Brahma. But something unexpected happened. One day Parasurama was enjoying a nap with his head resting on Karna's lap. Just then an insect crawled up and stung Karna's thigh. Blood streaked out. But Karna did not cry or stir lest his master's sleep should be disturbed.

Parasurama woke up soon and saw the blood and the wound of his disciple as well as the insect. He looked at Karna sternly and said, "Such patience can never be exercised by a Brahmin. Tell me the truth, who are you?"

Karna confessed that he was not a Brahmin, but the son of a charioteer. The angry Parasurama cast a curse upon him saying that he would forget the use of the Weapon of Brahma just when he would need to use it most.

In spite of these curses Karna grew into a unique hero. When the daughter of Chitrangada, the King of Rajpur, was forcibly taken away by Duryodhana and hundreds of princely suitors tried to check him, Karna alone, on behalf of Duryodhana, de-

feated them all.

Even the indefatigable Jarasandha was defeated by Karna and offered to him the city of Malini as a gift. Indra, afraid of the growing might of Karna, met him in disguise and asked him for a gift of the charms and talismans which protected him. Karna obliged Indra. All these factors combined to bring about his fall in the battle.

Yudhishtira heard all about the cause of Karna's fall and sighed and said, "With how much of hardship and pain mothers bring forth children and nurse them up to youth. And the battle swallows up so many of such bright youths! Cursed be the life of a Kshatriya. How much have I sinned for the sake of a kingdom! I have no mind to enjoy it. Oh Arjuna, you rule over the domain. Let me take to pilgrimage."

Arjuna, angry and agitated at Yudhishtira's words, said, "Oh king, we have done nothing except discharging the sacred duty of the Kshatriyas. Now that we have achieved the goal after so much of toil and trials, you want to become a beggar! If this is what you had in your mind what need was there to

carry out a massacre? Will not people laugh at your instability? Had not Nahusha said that one must not look forward to poverty? It is only with wealth at your disposal that you can do a lot of good. Hence, do not forsake the kingdom. Let us perform the *Aswamedha* and be released from all sins."

Bhima supported Arjuna and said, "We should not insult the code of conduct by which we the Kshatriyas are bound. Why show any mercy to the cruel and the unjust? We have moved heaven and earth for the triumph of the truth. If this idle and vain remorse were to be the result of all that, we should have rather become ideal beggars instead of ideal warriors! Should we, after digging a well, refuse to benefit by its water? Now, Oh King, banish such unworthy thoughts from your mind and give due attention to the affairs of the state."

After Nakula and Sahadeva too had pleaded with Yudhishthira to change his mind, Draupadi spoke: "You should do as your brothers say. Had you not assured them time and again, when we all were passing through hard days inside the forest, that victory and happiness will come soon? Your words then encouraged them. Now your words discourage them. After all, there was no alternative to the way you took for getting back your kingdom. So you should not speak such things which could make people doubt the soundness of your judgement. There is nothing wrong in ruling a kingdom. We have the examples of great kings like Ambarish and Mandhata who ruled nobly."

The sages too advised Yudhishthira to give up his remorse. Vyasa said, "In the battlefield even if you happen to kill a man well-versed in the scriptures, you will not be a sinner."

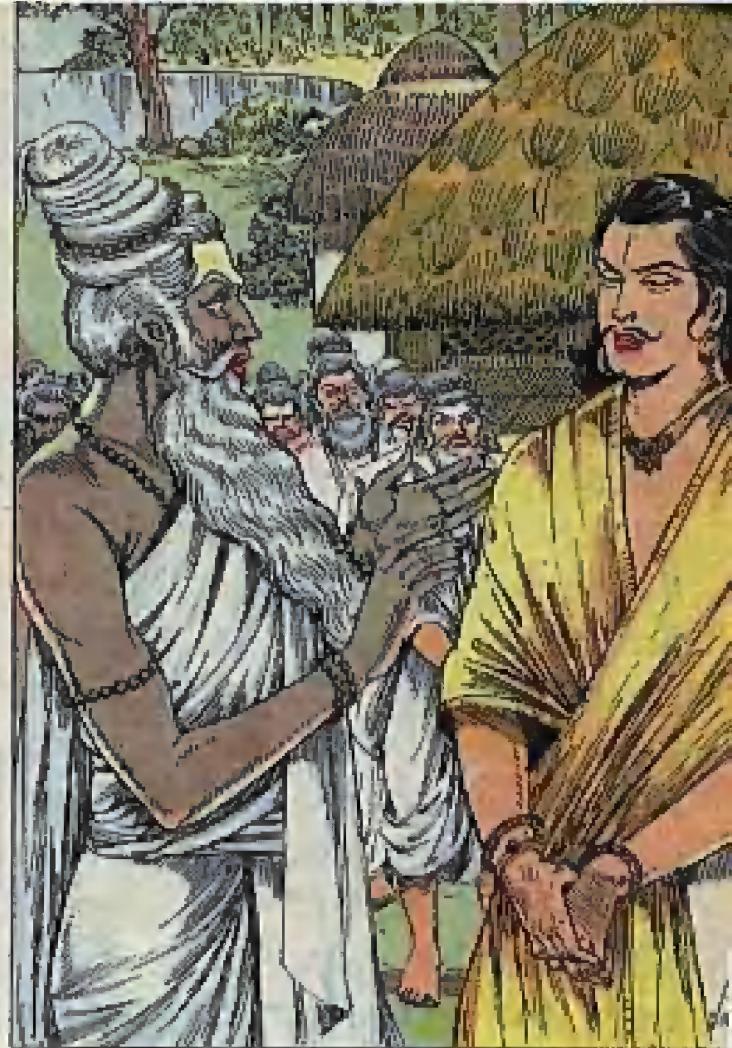
Yudhishthira accepted the counsel of all these well-wishers and prepared to take up the burden of a ruler.

A chariot with white pillars was made ready for his journey into the city. Sixteen white bulls drew it. Bhima took the place of the charioteer. Arjuna stood behind Yudhishthira, holding the umbrella on his head. Nakula and Sahadeva too attended on him. Yudhishthira's chariot was followed by that of Yuyutsa and that was followed by a horse-drawn chariot carrying Krishna and

Sathyaki, Gandhari, Dhritarashtra, Kunti, Draupadi and the Kaurava women were led by Vidura, in a variety of vehicles, ahead of this procession. The tail of the procession was formed by the fourfold army. Yudhishtira reached Hastinapura amidst the chanting of hymns. The whole city looked bright with decorations, colourful gates abounding in white flowers and symbols of welcome.

Thousands of men and women came to see Yudhishtira upon his entry into the city. They sang their joy lustily. Ministers and the nobility bowed down to him and said, "We are lucky to get you back as our king, for your path to the throne has been the path of truth." The Brahmins blessed him.

On entering the palace Yudhishtira prostrated himself before Dhaumya and Dhritarashtra and worshipped the deities. Suddenly a hullabaloo was heard. Charvaka, a Brahmin friend of Duryodhana, rushed at Yudhishtira and shouted, "Are you not ashamed of occupying the throne after killing your kinsmen? Death would have been better for you!"



Yudhishtira felt embarrassed and softly told the Brahmins, "Have pity on me. I am sad, as it is. Do not hurt my feelings any more."

The Brahmins replied, "O King, Charvaka speaks for himself, not for us. He says so because he was Duryodhana's friend. You and your brothers have nothing to fear." Thereafter the Brahmins pounced upon Charvaka and killed him. Lest Yudhishtira should feel disturbed at this event, Krishna hurried to tell him the reason for Charvaka meeting this fate. Long ago, Charvaka was a demon. He had appeased

Brahma through penance and had obtained the boon that he would not die except in the hands of Brahmins.

- Yudhishtira was duly coronated, seated on a platform raised for the purpose by Dharmya, with tiger-skin spread on it. A sacred fire was lit and Krishna, blowing his conch-shell, declared Yudhishtira the king and blessed him saying that he could rule over the whole earth. Dhritarashtra and others echoed it. Music was played. Yudhishtira received greetings and gifts from the people and himself presented gifts to the Brahmins.

Then he told the gathering: "To me Dhritarashtra is like a god. All those who are faithful to me should look upon him as the real master. I consider

myself his servant. He is my king as well as yours."

Bhima was declared by Yudhishtira as the crown-prince and he appointed Vidura as his minister. Sanjay was made the treasurer and an adviser. Other brothers and elders too were assigned various responsibilities.

Next, Yudhishtira arranged for religious rites and charity of lands to the needy for the well-being of the souls of all those killed in the battle. Dhritarashtra performed the rites for his sons and Yudhishtira for Drona, Karna, Dhrishtadyumna, Ghatotkacha and Abhimanyu. Shelters and lakes were dedicated to the memory of the illustrious dead. Yudhishtira then concentrated on the welfare of his subjects. (Contd.)





NOTHING

Long ago there lived a wood cutter named Raju. He was a nice fellow and eked out a living, selling the wood he collected from the forest.

Now, in that village lived a mischief-maker named Monu. He lived by his wits. But his great joy lay in playing tricks on other people. So everyone was rather afraid of him, and avoided him as much as possible.

One day Raju was returning home from the forest with a bundle of firewood. The bundle was larger than usual, and poor Raju staggered along with that load unable to lift it on to his head. Just then Monu came by that way, singing to himself. Raju called out to him and requested his help

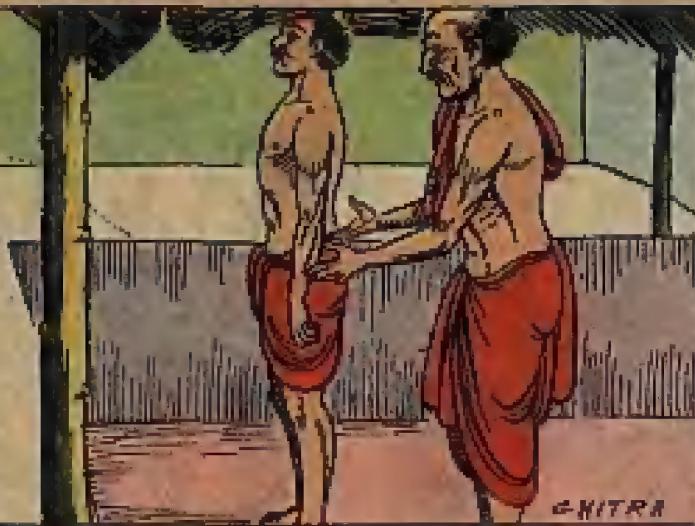
in lifting the load on to his head.

At once Monu asked, "If I place this bundle on your head, what will you give me in return? What have you got?"

Raju said simply, "Nothing." Monu seemed satisfied with this and helped Raju to load the firewood on his head. Then he asked Raju to give him what he had promised.

Raju said, "I said I had nothing to give you. What do you expect?"

Monu said seriously, "You promised to give me 'nothing'. Therefore I must have your 'nothing'! If you don't give me what you promised then you must part with your bundle of firewood."



G. CHITRA

soon the two were quarrelling bitterly. At last the case went to the Magistrate who heard both the sides calmly. Then he asked Monu, "What did you ask of him?"

Monu replied, "I asked him what he would give me in return for my help. He said he would give me 'nothing'."

Then the Magistrate asked again, "Well, Monu, what did he do when you demanded your reward for helping him?"

Monu replied, "He gave me nothing."

At once the Magistrate said, "Well, Monu, that is all right. You say Raju gave you nothing. Therefore by your admission you got nothing which is what he promised to give you. Now if you persist in this silly argument, I'll clap you in jail. Begone!"

Monu realised that he had been hoisted in his own petard. So he left the village never to return.

WONDERS WITH COLOURS





HOW HULBI LOST HIS LEFT EAR?

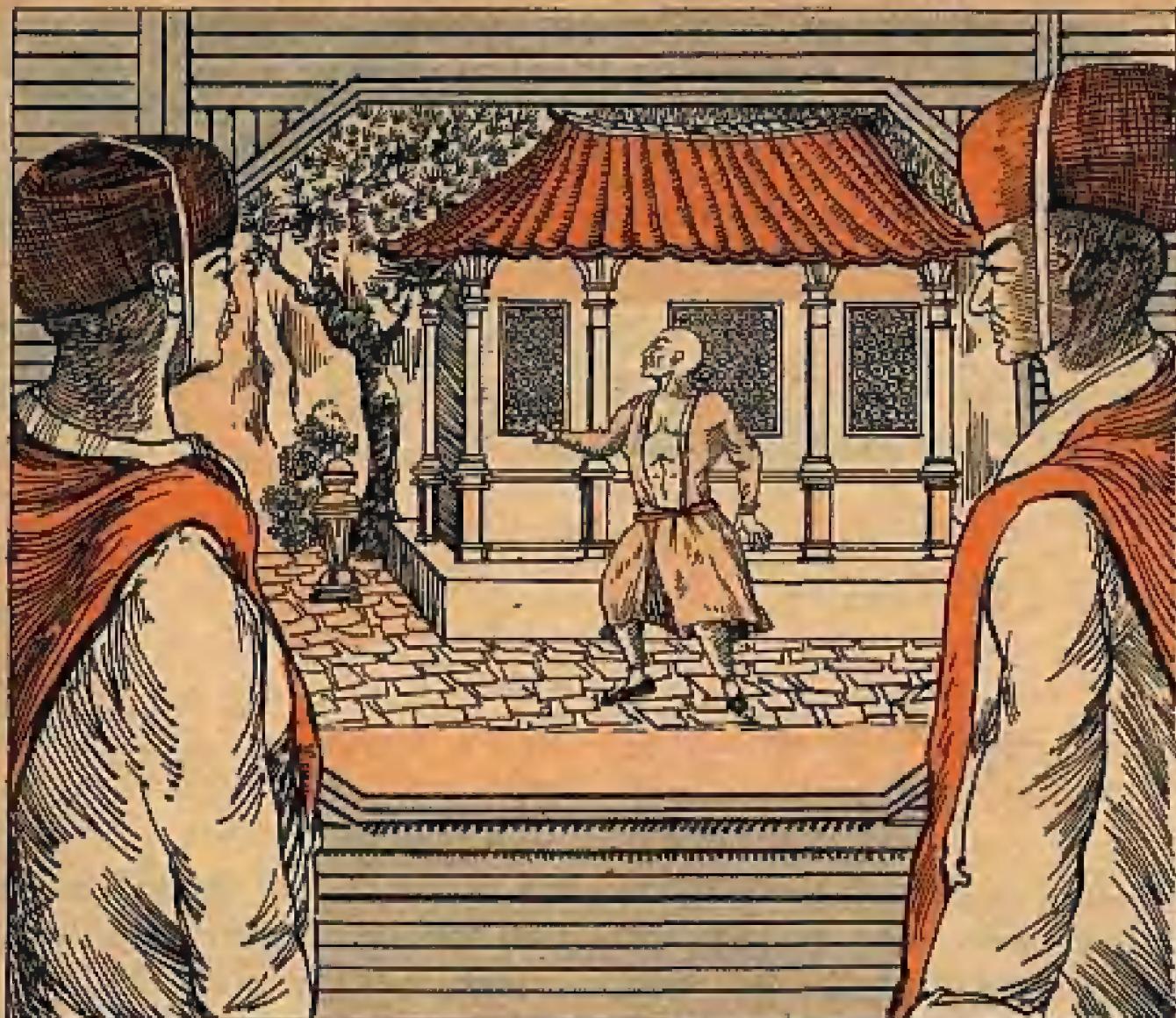
Long ago, in Japan, there were minstrels who sang ballads of the glorious deeds of the Samurai warriors. One such ballad was full of the brave acts of a Samurai warrior who fought his enemy bravely on the open seas. When he died, his wife also jumped into the sea and ended her life.

Hulbi was a travelling singer who sang these songs with great gusto. However, he was blind and he never stayed at any one place. Very often he would spend the night in a Buddhist monastery and begin to walk again in the morning. The monks at the monasteries did not mind

his presence and freely allowed him the use of their premises.

One evening blind Hulbi sat on the verandah and sang the ballad of the Samurai of the sea. He was interrupted by a voice which said, "Hulbi, our king has heard that you sing well. He wishes to listen to you. I am commanded to bring you to him."

Hulbi did not hesitate for an instant. The king's word was law! So he set out with the stranger who held his hand and guided him across fields and sand dunes until they reached the sea shore. Of course, Hulbi thought he had come to the



king's court because close by he felt the rustling of silk and smelt sweet fragrances in the air. Then he was guided to a high seat and asked to sing.

Hulbi cleared his throat and sang as he had never sung before. When he reached that part of the ballad which described the death of the Samurai, he heard distinctly the sad sobbing of a woman. He did not know that it was the wife of the dead warrior who sobbed so.

After the song was ended, Hulbi was escorted back to the monastery by unseen hands. The stranger who had met him first said, "If you come to the court everyday and sing your ballads, the king will reward you handsomely." Hulbi agreed and everyday visited the court by the sea and regaled the courtiers with his sentimental ballads.

The Chief Monk of the monastery noticed that every night

Hulbi's bed was empty. So he ordered two monks to watch his movements and report to him.

The next night the two guards saw that at the stroke of midnight Hulbi rose and went out into the darkness. They followed him, and to their surprise saw him enter a cemetery. Soon Hulbi sat in front of a huge boulder and began to sing. At once the guards pounced upon Hulbi and dragged him back to the monastery. The Rector heard all that had happened. When Hulbi was questioned he said that he went to the court to sing to the king.

The Rector said "Oh, Foolish man! don't you know that this is the work of the ghosts who entice you to the cemetery every night to hear you sing! I fear some harm may come to you. However, I shall write some

spells all over your body, so that they cannot take you away with them. Whatever you do, never reply to their queries."

Then the Rector wrote some spells all over his body, but neglected the left ear in his hurry.

The next night the ghost came again, but could not touch Hulbi on account of the powerful spells written. Then it noticed that on the left ear nothing was written. So it pulled with all its might, and in a trice the left ear came loose. Hulbi felt as if he was on fire, so fierce was the pain but mindful of the Rector's injunction clamped his mouth tight lest some sudden whimper escape his lips. The ghost melted into the night with the bleeding ear, but Hulbi was forever free from the unwelcome attentions of the ghosts.





THE POULTRY THIEF

In a certain hamlet lived a farmer named Chinnu. He was a simpleton who readily believed everyone. But his wife Chinna was a clever woman. She managed the family resourcefully and protected her husband from the consequences of his foolishness. She ran a flourishing poultry farm and sold the eggs for profit.

Venu was Chinnu's neighbour. He was a great miser. Everyday he counted his money carefully and locked it up securely in his black safe. He was fond of eating chicken but not wanting to pay for the bird, spent his days wistfully eyeing the cackling cocks of Chinnu.

His yearning for chicken became so great that finally he began to steal from Chinnu's yard.

Soon Chinna discovered the theft of chicken as she was always one short in her daily tally. So she decided to keep awake at night and catch the thief red-handed. She arranged with Chinnu, her husband, to stand guard alternately each night.

But Chinnu snored on such occasions as he had to guard, and the thefts continued unabated. Unable to bear this any longer Chinna berated her husband. Rather ashamed, Chinnu decided to be extra

careful that night, and rubbed castor oil in his eyes to keep awake. Venu, covering himself from head to foot in white stole into the yard as usual but Chinnu pounced upon him and grappled with him. Venu struggled furiously and fearing lending him strength, he threw off Chinnu and dashed away into the night. But he dropped his key bunch in the yard.

In the morning Chinnu picked it up and told Chinna, "See, the thief has left his key bunch behind. I am sure he'll come back for it tonight. Then we'll surely catch him."

In the meanwhile, Venu discovered his loss and guessed what must have happened. He decided to trick Chinnu into giving up the key bunch. So he accosted Chinnu on the street and asked, "What is this I hear about thieves stealing your hens?"

Chinnu replied, "True Venu, yesterday I almost caught the culprit. He escaped. But he left his key bunch behind. I'll catch him when he comes back for it tonight."

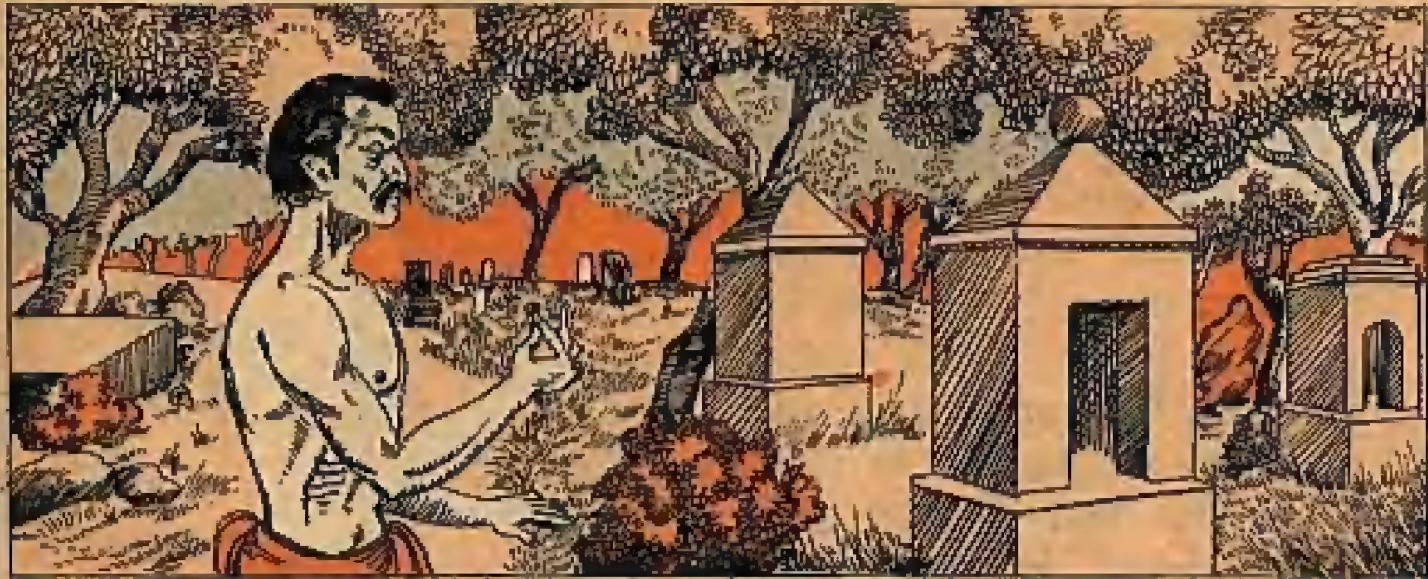
At once Venu said, "Good Lord, you have been visited by the ghost that steals hens. This ghost has an iron safe in which



it keeps all its money. You are lucky that the keys fell into your hands. Come with me to the cemetery tonight and we'll rob the ghost's safe. But don't speak of this to anyone. Not even to your wife."

Chinnu believed implicitly in what Venu said.

The next night, unknown to his wife, Chinnu crept out of the house and headed for the cemetery. There he looked around for Venu. But Venu was hiding in a corner and biding his time. When Chinnu came abreast of him, he leaped out of his hiding place and fell on Chinnu. A violent fight



followed, and Chinnu had to give up the keys. But in the struggle, Venu's signet ring came loose and fell on the ground. Chinnu took it and ran home to tell his wife, who held the ring in the light and saw Venu's name engraved on it.

So, next morning she went to the village headman and related all that happened. She accused Venu of stealing their hens and produced the ring triumphantly

to clinch her proof. Venu was sent for, and as there was no help for it, shamefacedly admitted his guilt. He was fined by the village Panchayat and ordered to pay damages to Chinnu. After this, Venu disappeared from that hamlet and no one ever saw him again.

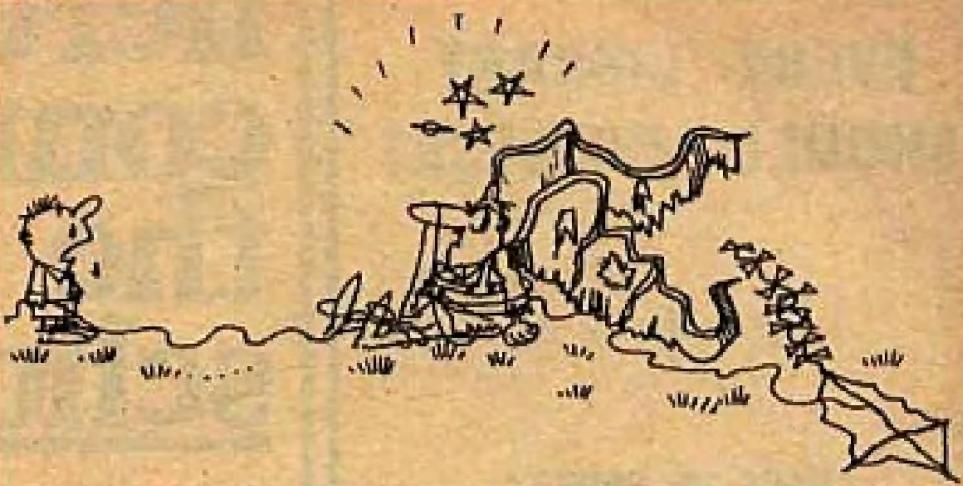
As for Chinnu, he remained as foolish as ever but prospered vastly in life because of his clever wife, Chinna.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(Sorry, no clue anywhere in the Magazine.)



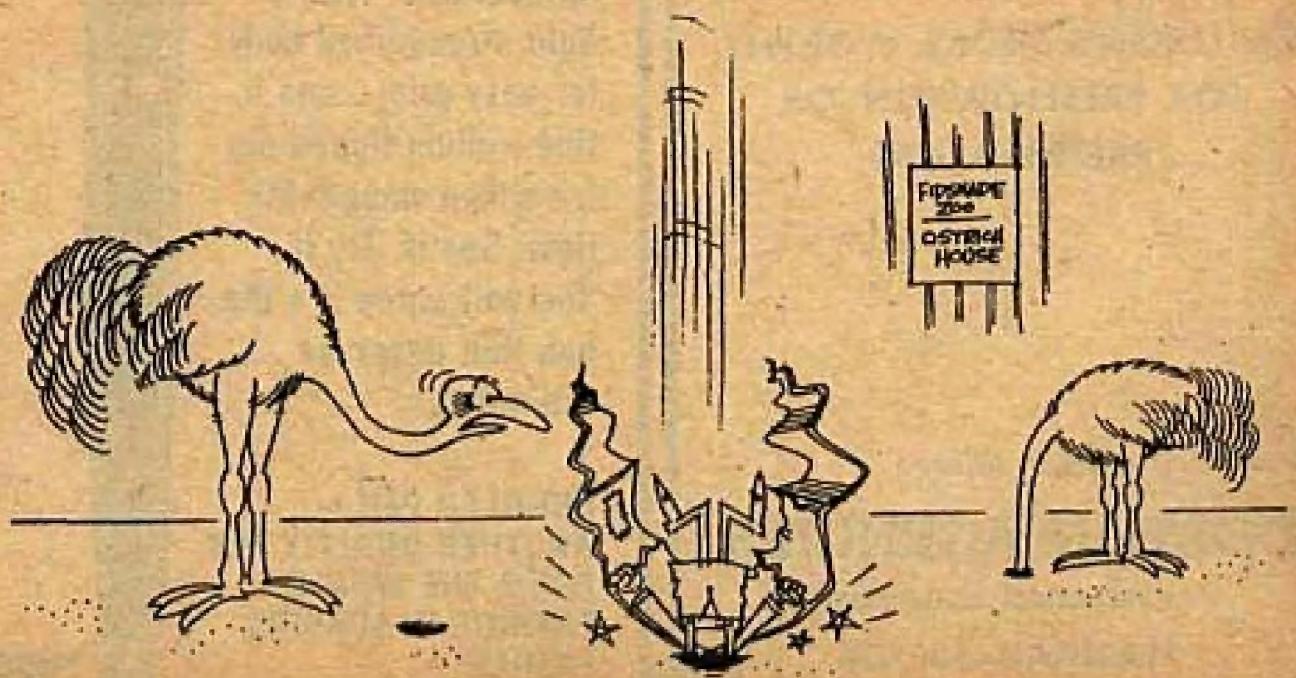
FUN with FIDDY



"You've ruined my kite!"



"I told you I wanted them starched!"



"Are you hiding away from somebody?"

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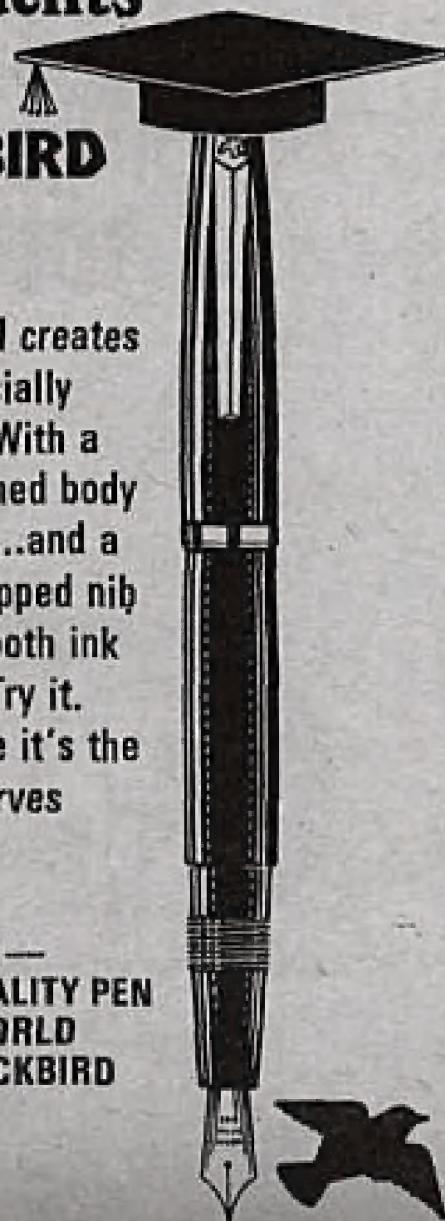
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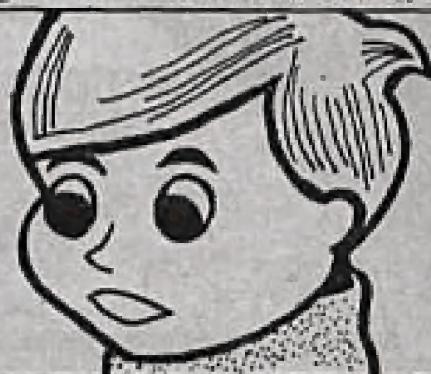
Playing it right...

We played a cricket match in school today Daddy. But I got out very soon.

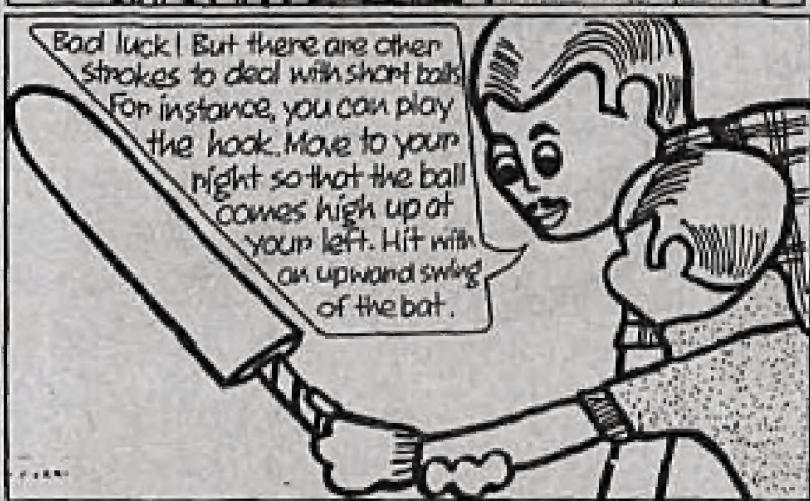
Why son, what happened?



Sunil bowled a short ball. I tried to cut, but edged a catch to the wicket-keeper.



Bad luck! But there are other strokes to deal with short balls. For instance, you can play the hook. Move to your right so that the ball comes high up at your left. Hit with an upward swing of the bat.



And if you hit with full force you will swing round completely. You may even find yourself facing the wicket-keeper!



Now then, It's nearly eight-thirty, Son. Off to bed. Have you brushed your teeth?

I washed my mouth after dinner, Dad.



That won't do son. You must brush your teeth every night and morning, to remove all decay-causing food particles. You must also massage the gums, so they'll be healthy and strong.

Yes, Daddy.

Come, let's both brush our teeth with Farhan's toothpaste.



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the toothpaste
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